

IMPROVEMENT ERA



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APRIL, 1927

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCI-
ATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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The Sea Gull

Pert harbinger of Spring,
Your welcome scream, as when the Pioneer
First saw your form and stately spreading wing,
Provides us peace and cheer!

What urge, through deserts long,
O'er mountain range, from peaceful ocean west,
Induces you without a fear of wrong
To come so far to nest?

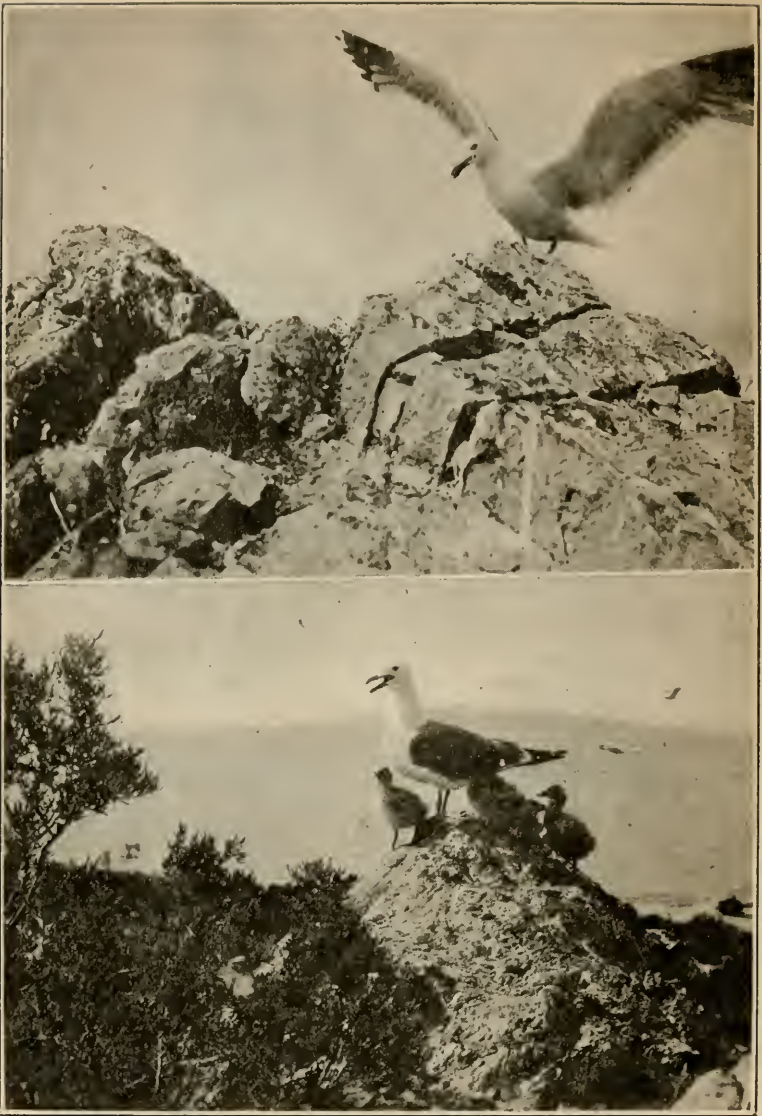
What power directs your flight,
Or guides your thousand miles to Inland sea;
Guards you from lurking dangers of the night;
Proclaims your liberty?

In lofty style and zest,
To her preempted rock she proudly glides,
Her chosen Summer home and season's rest,
Her nestlings at her sides.

This seems her answer there:
"Protection, nature and the urge of life
Lead me with joy to all this work and care,
And fit me for the strife."

May He who rules so teach
Our lives, as with the bird, to trust His mind,
That in our toil and service we may reach
The goal, our joy to find.

EDWARD H. ANDERSON.



Photos by Dr. Charles G. Plummer.

GULLS ON HAT (BIRD) ISLAND, GREAT SALT LAKE

Above: A gull just alighting. "To her preempted rock she proudly glides." Picture made at a speed of $1/350$ of a second.

Below: A gull with four chicks on her outlook. Rarely more than two or three chicks are reared in each family.

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THE SEA GULL

Thousands of California sea gulls arrive upon the islands of the Great Salt Lake every Spring from the Pacific ocean, to build their nests and rear their young. The sea gull is protected by law in Utah. Its main home for the season in the Great Salt Lake is Hat Island, locally known as Bird Island. These gulls, with the great blue heron and the white pelican, make up a community rookery each year which is of great interest.

Gull parents preempt certain outstanding rock promontories each year as their outlook. Their nests are close besides these limestone upthrusts. They fight viciously to maintain their right of occupancy. Dr. Plummer says that the birds are very quarrelsome and particular as to their rights, and there is absolutely no sociability among them, each pair acting for themselves and young, and doing nothing to help their neighbors.

It is unusual for a mother gull to hatch and rear all four of her "clutch" of eggs, but our frontispiece proves that it is sometimes done. Gulls mate for the entire season. Many have an idea that they do so for life, but this has not been proved. They fend off any interloper who may come nosing around their particular place, which is chosen for each season. The gulls never feed any chicks but their own.

Gulls are found on Gunnison, White Rock and Egg Islands, as well as upon Hat Island, but never in so large numbers as upon the latter. Upon these islands there is no water, save that which comes from rain; and the birdlings receive their food as it is carried to them by their parents. The parents forage for miles around, some having been found two hundred sixty miles from the lake, hunting for forage. The plowed fields of our mountain valleys afford happy feeding grounds for the gulls in Spring and Fall, on which they alight to eat the worms and pests, and gather food for their young. The

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little birds remain on their nesting place until the parents return, never leaving the spot.

In their regular habitat, they are likewise ornamental and useful to man. Neltje Blanchan, in *Birds Worth Knowing*, says:

"In the wake of the garbage scows that put out to deep water from the harbors of the sea coast and Great Lakes where our large cities are situated, and following the ocean liners for the food thrown overboard from the ship's galleys; or resting in the estuaries of the larger rivers where the refuse floats down towards the tide, flocks of strong-winged gulls may be seen hovering about with an eye intently fastened on every living speck. Enormous feeders, gulls and terns cleanse the waters. Millions of these graceful birds that enliven the dulllest marine picture have been sacrificed for no more worthy end than to rest entire or in mutilated sections on women's hats! But now that the people begin to understand what birds do for us, a happier day is dawning for them all."

The sea gull has become a sacred bird in Utah, owing to the miracle of their saving the crops of the early Pioneers, a story well known in all the land, and of which the monument in Salt Lake City, on the Temple grounds, is a memorial. No person can look upon that monument without being reminded of the earnest prayers of the Pioneers to God for their protection, and of the marvelous way in which the Lord sent an answer to their pleadings.

With this introduction, the reader will find interest in the splendid one-act play, which is printed for the first time in this issue of the *Era*, and which won the prize in the *Improvement Era* contest held in 1926.—A.

'The Gulls

They sail the sky like white ships,
Dancing on heaven's sea;
And the sunshine and the Spring's bloom
Embrace their wonderings free.

Oh, bright be their glistening wings in the sun,
And glad their triumphant call;
Nor the day's stress, nor the night's gloom.
Shall conceal them, circling all.

Gray-winged messengers they are,
From the lake sands, on treacherous days;
Strong-winged harbingers of God's great love;
Vivid exemplars of His mighty ways.

Liberty, Idaho

EZRA J. POULSEN



A Modern Miracle—A Tale of the Sea Gulls

In the desert lands of Utah,
In the long and long ago,
Men had fashioned an oasis,
Made the living waters flow
From the great flumes in the mountains,
Fed by God's eternal snow;
Fashioned channels for the water,
Which to many an orchard go.
Fair the fields and rich the harvests
That resulted from their toil;
Till a plague of hosts of locust
Did the fertile field despoil.
Gathered in their meeting houses,
With a simple faith and trust,
Prayers and pleadings to the Father
Of us all, so wise and just,
Poured from lips of men and maidens,
Lisping child and grey-beard sire.
That the locust curse be lifted,
Was the burden of desire.

"If it be thy will," they pleaded—
Lo, the flutter of a wing!
Then a mighty cloud in heaven
Veiled the sun; and everything
Was as if a sudden twilight
Fell upon the stricken land;
Hearts grew chill—for none among them
Could begin to understand.

The shrill calling of the sea gull
Showed the cloud a living thing;
Like a myriad of bright angels
Were the sea gulls on the wing.
Soon the ground was grey and gleaming,
As a sudden fall of snow;
While God's answer, swift in coming,
Bade the plague of locusts go.
Soon the sea gulls had devoured
Every locust in the land.
That the Lord had heard and answered,
No one failed to understand.

So the "Garden of the Desert,"
Land of Utah, fair to see,
Wrote this law upon her tablets:
That there never more should be
Slaughter of a gull in Utah—
It should be a sacred bird,
Token of a speedy answer
To the prayers which God had heard.
Days of miracles are ended?
Or, perhaps, were never here?
God finds ways to send an answer
To the pleas that reach his ear.

Cedar Falls, Iowa.

MARGARET BALL DICKSON



A MODERN DESERT RANGER

THE RESCUE*

A One-Act Drama of Early Utah Days

(Prize winner in the *Improvement Era* Short-Play Contest, 1926)

BY ANNIE D. PALMER

CHARACTERS

(In order of their appearance)

Julia Harris	A modest "Mormon" Maiden
Mrs. Amanda Harris	Julia's mother
Uncle Mose	An old Pioneer
Tabby	An Indian
Percy Boyle	A sturdy Pioneer son
Clifford Stetson	A young stranger on his way to California
Mr. Harris	Julia's father
Ned	}	The Harris children
Mary		
Harry	Julia's "big brother"
Katherine Jensen	A recent convert

Costumes of Pioneer time.

Scene:—Interior of a pioneer home—bare floor, home-made furniture. A door, left center, opening into the front yard. Window, center back. An old piece of lace curtain partly covers window. A door, upper left, leading into sleeping room. A door, right, leading to the wood pile. A fireplace, lower left; a small rocker in front of it, and a stool down at left corner. Table at center back, in front of window; two chairs, cowhide bottom, at each end of table. A box cupboard, made in two divisions, one for dishes and the other for materials, in upper right corner. A faded piece of cloth serves as doors for upper division. A big armchair is down right; an old washstand at right second entrance, below the door, on which is a wash basin. A water bucket sits on a stool at the right of the stand; a dipper hangs on a nail above the bucket.

(At rise of curtain, Mrs. Harris is discovered seated in small rocker (L.), mending Ned's jeans trousers. Julia, engaged in finishing the breakfast dishes, is humming, "*Hard Times Come Again No More.*")

Mrs. H. I wish you would not hum that song, dear. It makes me so sad.

Julia. Does it, Mother? It makes me feel hopeful and cheery; as if I might sing trouble away. But I won't sing it any more, if you don't like it. (*Wiping the last of the dishes and putting them into cupboard.*)

Mrs. H. Dear girl! I wish you could sing trouble away—always. Such hearts as yours were made for happiness, not for worry and care. And, yet, worry and care are what come, day after day, day after day.

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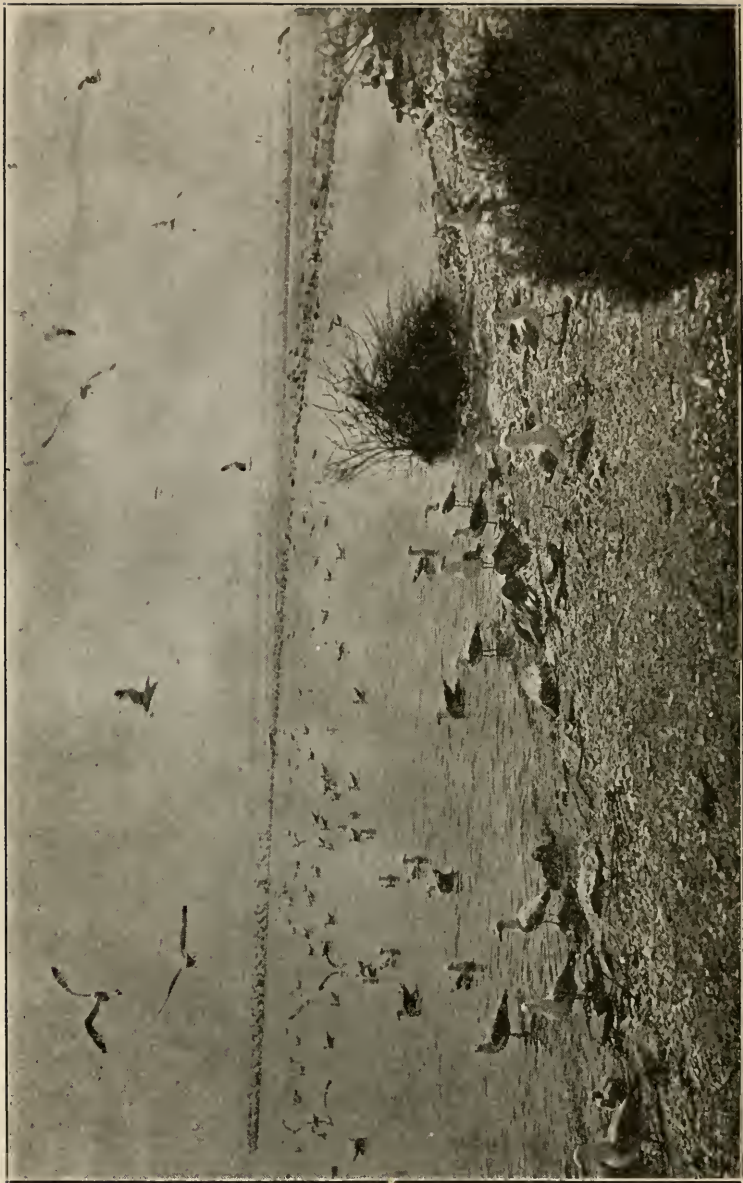


Photo by courtesy of J. Cecil Alter, Salt Lake City
SEA GULLS FEEDING ON THE SHORES OF GREAT SALT LAKE

Uncle Mose. (Enters, door L., wipes perspiration off face as he enters and sits on bench in front of table.) Whew! Mebby they're right, but I can't see a darn bit of use in fightin' against sich heavy odds. Whew! They're forty thousand to the square inch, an' doublin' their number every minit. I knowed very well this place wasn't fit for the Saints. The very day we drove in here I seen three big rattle snakes, an' every one facin' the risin' sun. I told old lady Swanberg about it, an' she said it was a sure sign of somethin'. Ef I'd knowed it was a sign of these blasted crickets, I'd a walked all the way back to the Missouri barefoot, afore I'd a stayed to see the day. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ike Jones has got a big log rigged up for a roller, an' he's sure makin' mincemeat out of some of 'em.

Julia. (Wiping and putting away the iron knives and forks.) Why don't they make more rollers, Uncle Mose?

Mose. Waal, some folks think they can do more with the flail, an' some are tryin' fire. It's all the same. They're as thick as the flies in the pest of Egypt, an' they won't be stayed until they've got every green thing in the valley. I seen a "F" on six out of a dozen oak leaves I examined last night; and that's the first letter of "Famine," as I remember.

Julia. (Throws the dishwater out, door R., and hangs the dishpan on nail at end of cupboard.)

Mrs. H. The Lord can send deliverance, Mose.

Mose. Yes, he can; but if the rest of the folks is as cussed mean as I be, they haint no big reason why he should. It seems like when I look at the black pests out yonder, I jest nachelly forgit about the Lord, an' remember only the devil. Let's see. *(Rising.)* I most fergot what I come after. Hev you got a cup you can let me take to dip up a pail of water for the men to drink? I only fetched the buckets, and the water's so scarce I can't dip 'em half full. Seems like Peter Brown must a watered his oxen jest afore I got down.

Julia. (Handing dipper which she got from nail above the water bucket at right second entrance.) Here is a cup, Uncle Mose.

Mose. Thank you. Comin' out purty soon?

Mrs. H. I am coming, Mose. *(Putting away her sewing.)*

Mose. Waal, I wouldn't ef I was you. *(Going to door, upper L. C.)* It ain't a bit of use. *(Exit.)*

Julia. Mother, you are weary. You watch the baby, and let me go out to the field. I am stronger than you.

Mrs. H. Your father will give up if I do not stand by to encourage him. I must go for that, if for no other reason. I think baby will sleep. *(Goes into room, L.)*

Julia. Mother looks so tired. I wish she would let me go.

Mrs. H. (Enters, putting on sunbonnet.) Things can't go on like this forever. The crickets must be killed, or there will be nothing left worth fighting for. It's a case of life or death for the whole community; and no one can give up because of being tired. My

constant prayer is that we may get rid of the pest so that we may not starve. (*Exit, door L. C.*)

Julia. (*Following mother to door.*) Don't stay too long.
Mother. (*Commences to sing chorus of "Hard Times."* Goes to cupboard and gets checker-board tablecloth and is spreading it on table, when Indian appears at window. *Julia shows fear, then checks herself; goes on humming, while she gets a crocheted tidy, puts it on table, gets a tallow candle in tin stand and places it on tidy in center of table.*)

Indian. (*Enters, and stands just inside of door, which he closes, and stealthily watches Julia as she finishes with the candle.*) Biscuit!

Julia. (*Indicating chair.*) Sit down.

Indian. (*Sitting on floor.*) White squaw heap good. Me heap hungry. Biscuit!

Julia. White squaw heap hungry, too. White pappoose heap hungry. Bye an' bye biscuit all gone. Cricket eat wheat. You savey?

Indian. Me savey. Bye bye white man all gone. Dead. White squaw dead. White pappoose—all dead. White wickeup—me habe 'em. Me big chief. Biscuit!

Julia. No. White pappoose eat biscuit. All gone.

Indian. (*Angrily rises.*) You lie! Biscuit! Me heap hungry!

Julia. Look! My father—my mother—kill crickets. (*Indicating flaying of crickets.*) You help. You kill 'em. Purty soon come back—have dinner. I give you dinner—biscuit.

Indian. No good kill clickets—all same—come back, heap more. Injun no kill 'em. No good. Injun hungry—heap hungry, heap sick, heap mad—want bread!

Julia. We have no bread.

Indian. You lie! Me steal 'em—pappoose. (*He starts toward door where baby is. Julia screams and places herself before the door. Indian stands back, grunting triumphantly. Percy enters, from side door, right, with bag of greens.*)

Percy. Hello, Tabby. Not gone yet?

Indian. No; not gone. Maybe tomorrow go. Hungry.

Percy. Sure. Have you any bread, Julia?

Julia. No; and very little flour.

Indian. Give me flour.

Percy. Better divide, Julia.

Julia. (*Coming to Percy.*) We shall all go hungry as it is.

Percy. It is the policy of President Young, you know. Better to feed the Indians than to fight them.

Julia. I guess President Young is right, too. (*Goes to cupboard, gets flour from an Indian jar, and divides it with the Indian, putting his portion in an old buckskin bag which he hands to her.*)

Indian. More. Me like more; heap more.

Percy. No! Goodbye, Tabby. (*Julia puts jar back in cupboard.*)

Indian. Goodbye. Me go. Maybe so come back. (*Exit, door L. C.*)

Percy. That's mustard greens. (*Pointing to sack on floor, R.*) I heard your mother say she was tired of pig-weeds.

Julia. (*Taking a handful from sack.*) How fine! Will you stay for dinner?

Percy. I should say not! Not after giving your flour away. Besides they'll count me a shirker, even now, for coming late. I shall not stop for dinner. *Julia* (*coming close to her*), if you'll only promise to be my wife, some day, I could go without food till harvest time. (*Clifford is seen at window.*)

Julia. Will there be a harvest, Percy?

Percy. Surely. God brought his people to this land, away from those who sought to destroy us. He did not bring us here to starve.

Julia. Your faith is like mother's. If I could feel that way! (*Slowly crosses to left.*)

Percy. I am quite willing to stake my happiness on the outcome. Dearest, (*going to her*) will you marry me at harvest time, if there is a harvest?

Julia. (*Slowly turns to him; places her hands tenderly on his shoulders.*) Yes, Percy; at harvest time, if there IS a harvest.

Percy. (*Taking her in his arms and kissing her.*) Then my happiness is assured. Now, I must go and help MAKE the harvest. (*Turns to go; almost runs into Uncle Mose.*)

Uncle Mose. (*Entering.*) Ha! ha! I knowed you'd be here, Percy boy. (*Hands dipper to Julia.*) Thanks for the dipper. Ha! ha! Cap'n Jim got to cussin' because Joe Slocum hit me across the legs an' knocked me down instead of killin' about forty crickets with the same stroke. Ha! ha! If Cap had counted the critters I set down on I reckon he wouldn't a been out much. Ha! ha! Gittin' mad seems to be Jim's main business this mornin'—hunger sort o' gittin' on his spine, I guess—so he sent me out after recruits to get me out of the way.

Percy. I was coming, Uncle Mose. (*Starting towards door.*)

Mose. Yes; an' so's barley harvest. But not jest now. (*Sitting on bench; business of sitting down favoring his lame leg. Julia goes to him and helps him.*) They's got to be some settlin' up—or down, mebby—afore either one takes place. I sure knowed you'd be here.

Julia. How did you know that, Uncle Mose? (*Sitting with him on bench.*)

Mose. Waal, ye see, I'd seen yer pa an' ma, an' the balance of yer family at the killin' an' I figured that would leave you here alone. An' then purty soon—waa!—I seen Percy cut across the lower field an' come down. So I just reasoned that seein' as how Percy was not yet out there in the field, more'n likely he was here.

Percy. Shall we go, Uncle Mose? (*At door.*)

Mose. I'll go, boy. (*Rises.*) But ef I was you I wouldn't leave the most interestin' moment of my life for the sake of a few hundred crickets more or less.

Julia. Will there be a harvest, Uncle Mose?

Mose. There's at least a threshin,' the way them infernal pests is being failed—ha.

Julia. But I mean a harvest of grain.

Mose. Only Providence can answer that. Old lady Swanberg was sayin' this mornin' that fer every hundred crickets killed, they's ten thousand bred and born. So it don't look very promisin' for the wheat crop.

Percy. But there **MUST** be a wheat crop, Uncle Mose. Come on, let's join the fray. (*Puts hand on Mose's shoulder and urges him out. Exit, both, door U. L.*)

Julia. (*Follows them to door; stands in doorway, leaning against door, her hands back of her head.*) How pitifully hard they labor! O Father in heaven, save us from this pest, and grant to us our harvest!

Clifford. (*Appears at door, right; partly enters.*) I began to think they would never go. May I come in?

Julia. Why—yes. I thought you had gone to California. (*Comes to center.*)

Clifford. (*Enters.*) And were you glad?

Julia. Well, no. But—

Clifford. I dare not ask if you were sorry. (*Comes to center.*) You must pardon the rudeness of listening at your window. I heard your promise to Percy Boyle.

Julia. You heard my promise, and yet you—

Clifford. There is yet a chance for me. You promised to become his wife at harvest. Miss Harris, there will be no harvest in this God-forsaken place. Nothing awaits you here but starvation. Why, even before this black pest appeared, the ground was so parched and dry that no crop could mature; and now—why, I crossed the lower fields where the crickets have been, and every vestige of plant life is destroyed as completely as if it had been swept by fire.

Julia. But there are still many acres untouched. The crickets are burned and driven into the water and beaten down by thousands.

Clifford. And they are increasing by millions. Nothing could be more hopeless. Come with me—on to the gold fields—or, if you prefer, back to the comfort and luxury of civilization. There will be no harvest.

Julia. But my parents! Oh, there must be a harvest! Think of their hard and ceaseless toil. What father has accomplished in the few months since we came here is marvelous. This entire field he has cleared of sage brush. Every tree on the place he has planted. Every canal he has dug. Every log in the house he has brought from

the canyon. Every article of its furniture he has made or gotten in exchange for labor. And besides he has guarded Indians by night and worked at making roads and bridges by day.

Clifford. And to what avail? This is no place to make a home. A man is crazy even to think of spending his life in a place so desolate and barren. These mountains will prove an eternal barrier to civilization. The salt of that inland sea will keep the entire valley as waste as the Sahara Desert. The canyons and ravines will always be the abode of savages, coyotes, and rattle snakes.

Julia. Mr. Stetson, I beg of you, spare me from listening to more—

Clifford. Pardon me; but I know this country. I have ridden over miles of its desert soil. It is a hopeless waste. And nothing but starvation awaits those who are foolish enough to remain here. I love you, Julia; and I cannot go away and leave you here to perish.

Julia. From your viewpoint, Mr. Stetson, I know you are right. But my people came to this valley guided by the inspiration of heaven. Our prophet leader recognized this place as soon as he saw it as the one he had seen in vision, and with firm decision and prophetic voice he designated the spot where our temple shall be built.

Clifford. Those are fairy tales, Julia. Other people have come here without heavenly guidance.

Julia. And other people have gone on their way. We are here to stay, Mr. Stetson; and God will preserve us. He sent manna to feed the children of Israel in the wilderness; and I feel assured that he will help us to save the grain fields.

Clifford. It can be only by miracle; and the days of miracles are past.

Julia. Mr. Stetson, I beg of you to go. The faith of my parents is very dear to me, and any man is unwelcome who seeks to destroy it.

Clifford. At least you might be as generous to me as you were to Percy Boyle. For the happiness of your parents as well as yours, promise me that you will go with me in case there IS NO HARVEST. (*Going close to her and leaning over her.*) Let me save you and your family from starvation.

Julia. (*Hesitates.*) I—I—oh, what should I say!

Clifford. (*Pulling her toward him tenderly.*) Say, yes, I beg of you! I love you, Julia. I cannot go without you. I have wealth. Let me take you away from all this, back to a land of comfort and plenty! Will you go with me if there is no harvest?

Julia. (*Slowly looking into his eyes.*) If there is no harvest—yes! (*Gently pulling away from him.*) Now go, please. (*Crosses and stands in front of arm chair, R.*)

Clifford. I know you will keep your word. In one more week the devouring pest will have finished the job. (*Goes to door, U. L.*) Look: Already the older men, weary of the fight, are giving up in despair and leaving the fields!

Julia. (Folds her hands, looks up.) Oh, Father in heaven, preserve us! (Sinks into chair.)

Clifford. Your parents are coming. Your father looks ill.

Julia. (Rushes to door.) Oh, what can be the matter? Please go. Your presence here would annoy father. (Urging him toward door, right.)

Clifford. (Going.) I shall arrange for our departure and return in time to save you. (Exits, door R.) (Enter Mr. and Mrs. H. *Julia* brings chair for Mr. H., who sinks wearily upon it. *Julia* fans him with his hat.)

Julia. What is the matter, father?

Mr. H. Some water, child. (*Julia* brings water in tin cup.)

Mrs. H. It is the heat, and the long hours of hard work. Besides, your father has eaten so little of late since he began to fear for the crop.

Julia. Mother, do you think there will be—a—harvest?

Mrs. H. God will preserve us, my daughter.

Julia. But how, mother? Surely—give me your bonnet, I must help to fight the pest. We must win! The harvest must come! (Takes bonnet.)

Mr. H. There is no use. The more we kill, the thicker they get.

Julia. And yet, somehow, Father, I feel that something will happen—that deliverance will surely come. (Starts for door.)

Mose. (Exhibits a very large cricket as he enters.) Ha! ha! ha! ha! Look at that! Nearly three inches from tip to tip, an' had the gall to hop right into my shirt bosom. Ef it hadn't ben fer a good wad of terbacker 'at blocked the way, he'd a jumped right into my mouth.

Julia. (Shocked.) You chewing tobacco? Uncle Mose!

Mose. The Lord sure preserved me by the hand of mine enemies that time. The old lady Swanberg says she cooked a couple of the darn things—

Julia. On purpose, Uncle Mose?

Mose. Accidently got mixed up with the greens.

Julia. Oh, Mother, Percy brought you some mustard greens. (Points to sack. *Mrs. H.* takes sack and exits, door at right.)

Mose. About this here terbacker. I ain't chawed none since I left the Missouri, till the other day I seed that young infidel that's ben hangin' around here chawin', an' my mouth got to waterin' so dern bad, I up and ast him for a chew, an' he jest handed me the plug an' said, "Here, keep the change," an' so I had a mouthful when this specimen blowed in.

Julia. Why, Uncle Mose! You should have helped "the infidel" to see the light, instead of yielding to wrong with him.

Mose. Yes, I know, honey. The blind lead the blind and both fall into the ditch. But these gol derned weaknesses of the flesh, they—

Julia. NO MORE TOBACCO, Uncle Mose.

Mose. All right, honey; here goes. (*Throws it out of door.*)
Hop onto that, you dern cricket, an' I reckon that'll put an end to you.

Mrs. H. (*Enters, door R., with pan of greens. Sits in chair, L., and prepares them.*)

Julia. Good! Come on now. Father will be better when he has rested. I must take his place in the ranks. (*Exit Julia and Mose.*)

Mr. H. I must try to get back to the field. I am ashamed of my weakness.

Mrs. H. But you are so faint and weary.

Mr. H. It was mostly fear—fear of seeing my children hungry. (*Wipes his eyes.*) God forgive me—I know too well what it means. I have tried it.

Mrs. H. Yes, dear; and you are trying it now, again. I think you have scarcely tasted bread since the crickets came. But we must have courage yet. The darkest hour is sometimes just before the dawn.

Mr. H. Do you think, Amanda, that Julia is in love?

Mrs. H. Yes, she told me so.

Mr. H. There may be deliverance for her through her marriage—I see no other way.

Mrs. H. I do not understand.

Mr. H. The young man could take us all back home—to where there are no pests—like crickets.

Mrs. H. How could he do that? He is as poor as the rest of us, and if I am not mistaken his faith is as dear. I think Percy would die for his religion.

Mr. H. Percy? Percy? I was not thinking of Percy. I was thinking of that other young man—someone who can help us.

Mrs. H. (*Rising.*) Do you mean that you are ready to sell our daughter to a man outside the Church? That after leaving your parents, your home, your friends, and everything you hold dear, and coming here to live your religion unmolested, that you would turn your back on it all, and go back to the land of your persecutors? Banish the thought! The faith that gave me strength to walk these weary stretches across the plains and brought me to Zion will help me to endure famine and privation, if necessary; but I would rather starve than to see a child depart from the way of eternal life. (*Puts greens on table.*)

Mr. H. But if God forsakes us! (*Rises; goes to door, L.*)

Mrs. H. (*Follows him to door; puts her arm around him.*) He never will, unless we forsake Him! Look! What are those white-winged birds flying over the fields?"

Mr. H. Ah, me! Ah, me! Still another source of destruction. Those monstrous birds will make short work of what the crickets have not already destroyed. Why, they are as big as chickens, and as numerous as the crickets! There is no use in prolonging the fight. (*Comes down to arm chair.*) Colonel Bridger was right. Nothing

will grow. Nothing can ever grow. (*He sinks into chair and buries face in hands.*)

Mrs. H. (*In door, looking upwards.*) O Father in heaven, hear our prayers—preserve the grain our children need for sustenance! (*Comes down; sits in chair, L., weeps.*)

Mose. (*Entering dejectedly.*) I knowed it! I jest knowed some gol durned thing would happen! Them birds is sure agoin' to do things to a finish! They're gobblin' up the grain as fast as our old gray gobbler used to gobble up bran mash. We might as well take life easy—what's left of it. (*Takes chair from end of table; brings it to center.*) They ain't no use fightin' birds an' crickets too—not to mention Injuns. I guess we come here at the wrong time of the moon. With that ole owl a hootin' every night, too, we ought to a had more sense. An' to cap it all, Percy Boyle come in at your back door, not more'n half an hour ago, an' like a durn fool went out the front. Old lady Swanberg says that always brings bad luck. I thought mebbey his bringing' in somethin' to eat 'ud break the spell; but I guess greens is different. Seems like nothin' makes any difference, anyhow.

Mrs. H. Are the birds still coming?

Mose. Yeh. Still comin'. An', by gum, they're comin' so fast that in a couple of hours they'll be robbin' your children in you're own dooryard. This all comes of my crazy temper—gettin' mad after a warty toad crossed my path last week. Old lady Swanberg told me that sumptin' would happen. Seems like I never will learn to hold my cussed temper.

Mrs. H. You are not to blame for the calamity, Uncle Mose. Those old superstitions are not in line with the teachings of the Church. Heaven has sent this to test our faith.

Mose. Well, it wouldn't a ben necessary, ef it hadn't a ben fer my cussedness. Old lady Swanberg says I ort to be ashamed to dwell among the Saints—an' I guess mebbey she's right.

(*Ned and Mary enter and take places at their father's side.*)

Mary. Daddy, the field is just covered with big birds; and they're eatin' things up a lot faster'n the crickets did. They jest gobble, gobble, gobble.

Ned. We can't kill half the birds, daddy. We can't kill 'em in a million years.

Mr. H. (*Putting his arms around the children.*) Dear little ones! Dear, dear little ones! (*Weeps.*)

Mary. Don't feel bad, daddy. Maybe the ravens will bring us bread, like they did Elijah.

Ned. There ain't any ravens in this country; is there, daddy?

Mary. Well, there's magpies, anyway. An' them big birds in the field, too.

Ned. Yes; but where could they get any bread?

(*Enter Katherine with Julia. Julia goes to her mother.*)

Julia. There will be no harvest! (*Kisses her, they embrace and weep.*)

Mose. I knowed it! (*Dashes tears away with the back of his hand. Rises, takes out an old bandanna kerchief and blows his nose with a trumpet sound. Goes over to bucket at R, and gets a drink to cover his emotion. Katherine sits on stool at fire place, lower L., with her hands in her lap looking down dejectedly. Mrs. H. sits in rocking chair, L., and wipes her eyes with her apron. Julia goes to bench in front of table, center back, and sits with her head buried in her arms and weeps. Mary has her arm around her father's neck and leans upon his shoulder. Ned sits upon the floor and leans against his father's knee. Pause—All is gloom.*)

Clifford. (*Enters L. C., goes to Julia unobserved by Julia and others.*) Why wait longer? The fight is over. Come! There will be no harvest! (*He lifts her gently to her feet, she yields, half dazed.*)

Katherine. (*Rises. To Mrs. H.*) I tink we should still keep de courage up. (*Begins to quote, and then, unconsciously, starts to sing.*)

"Why should we mourn or tink our lot is hard?

'Tis not so, all is right.

(*Breaks into singing.*)

Why should ve tink to earn a great revard,

If we now shun de fight?

(*All but Julia, Clifford and Mr. H. join with her now in singing*)

"Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,

Our God will never us forsake.

(*Julia disengages herself from Clifford and comes falteringly down center, and stands tearfully and pleadingly looking upward as they sing*):

And soon we'll have this tale to tell,

All is well, all is well."

(*Harry and Percy come rushing in.*)

Harry. Hurrah! Hurrah! The birds are eatin' the crickets! We win! Dad, you ought to see 'em!

Mrs. H. The Lord be praised!

Mose. I knowed it! I jest knowed it meant sumptin' good when I seen all them birds fly over the grain fields. Old lady Swanberg—

Mr. H. I hope it's as good as you think; but at the rate the crickets come, a million birds would not clean them up in all Summer.

Percy. But these birds will, Brother Harris. Harry and I have watched them. At first everybody thought they were eating the grain. But we soon saw they were eating crickets. And they don't just eat and get full and leave the field. They eat all they can, and then in a few minutes they disgorge it all and begin again. They will clear off the crickets without a doubt. Some of the men say they

are gulls. (*Turns to Julia, who is at his left.*) There will be a harvest, Julia!

Julia. Percy! I am so happy! Father, mother, Percy and I will be married at harvest time. The gulls have decided for us! (*Clifford, who stands unnoticed when Julia left him, goes slowly and dejectedly out.*)

Harry. (*Going to Katherine.*) We may make it a double wedding.

Mose. Well, I knowed it all along. Them there frogs a croakin' every night last week didn't croak for nothin', as I was tellin' old lady Swanberg. It was a good sign in disguise; it sure was.

Mr. H. Blest, if I don't feel like celebratin. (*He stands up.*) Ned, run and get my accordin, or fiddle, from the box under the bed. (*Ned exits, door L.*) Ye hain't asked me yet, boy; but you're perfectly welcome to marry my little girl, and may you be happy. (*Ned returns with instrument.*) Come on, all. Take partners fer a Virginia reel. (*They take partners and all dance. Percy and Julia have prominent position front: then Harry and Katherine: then Ned and Mary: and then Mose and Mrs. H. When they reach the march figure of the first change the curtain falls.*)

THE END

The Silent Places

Out in the silent places,
Where there is never heard
Aught save the voice of nature,
The carol of the bird;
Out where earth's naive graces
Are in pristine beauty seen,
Where the glint of sunlit spaces
Glorifies the limpid stream,—
There is where I fain would linger
To live my life's own dream.

Far from the silent places,
Where are sorrow, moil and strife,
Where clouds all lower darkly,
I am called to spend my life;
Where there are barren spaces
To till and sow with seeds
Of patience, hope and courage
For another's daily needs,—
There is where my soul must labor,
That it may develop strength,
To walk close by the Master,
In the silences at length.

Provo, Utah

GRACE INGLES FROST

IS UTAH CIVILIZED?*

BY L. P. ROBERTS

In the *American Mercury Magazine* about a year ago, a Mr. DeVoto gave us a very striking picture of Utah. What he said is, no doubt, regarded by many readers outside the state as entirely true because the gentleman is, himself, a native of the state and should, therefore, have the facts at his command. While space will not permit me to reply in detail to all of his charges perhaps, for the sake of truth, I may be permitted to point out just a few of the author's most obvious errors.

It seems that Mr. DeVoto was asked by the wife of a Harvard professor if it can be true that people "really live in Utah." In reply he launches into a wholesale attack upon the state, the absurdity of which can only be appreciated by those who have been to Utah and have seen the people and conditions as they are. A careful reading of the article reveals not only a careless disregard for the truth, but the fact that in his anxiety to make his condemnation complete he has even gone so far as to contradict himself upon several occasions. His entire treatment of the subject resembles a "Hymn of Hate" so closely that it must be difficult even for an outsider to regard it as a calm survey of facts.

"Civilized life," says Mr. DeVoto, "does not exist in Utah." Let us examine that statement for a moment. Without saying so in so many words he implies that civilized life does exist everywhere throughout the United States except within the borders of Utah. Travelers, then, crossing the country from coast to coast, must prepare when they leave Colorado to leave behind them all the luxury, the culture, and the refinement of modern life and plunge headlong into the primitive. To the average person the above statement suggests the uncharted wilderness, the smoke rising above thatched huts, and naked savages performing some tribal dance as they "keep time" to the weird throb of the tom-tom.

Perhaps the uninformed Easterner, having viewed with apprehension Mr. DeVoto's picture of Utah, imagines hopefully for a moment that at sometime in the far-distant future civilization may penetrate even into the fastnesses of this state. If he does have any such fantastic dreams the writer soon sets his mind at rest upon that score. Continuing, Mr. DeVoto says that civilization "never has existed" in Utah; then turning his all-seeing eye upon the future this author-prophet predicts that "it never will exist there." And thus with one sweep of his omnipotent pen he condemns almost

*Answer to Bernard DeVoto's Article on Utah, published in the March number of the *American Mercury Magazine*, 1926. This article contains some facts that all Utah people should know, or of which, not knowing, they should be informed.—Ed.

a half million of the American people to everlasting barbarism. There are, no doubt, a few sections in darkest Africa where cannibalism still exists; where civilization, as we understand the term, is still a vague future possibility; but even so there are few writers who would have the supreme egotism to predict that civilization never will exist in those places. Yet that is exactly what Mr. DeVoto has predicted for one of our American states.

But why is Utah doomed to remain forever outside the pale of civilized life? The author does not tell us. It seems that it just *is* because it is Utah. During the past I have read many attacks upon "Mormons" and "Mormonism," but such attacks were usually directed against some principle or practice of the Church. Never before have I read an attack upon the entire population of any state, "Mormons," Jews and Gentiles, simply because they were guilty of living within its borders. Never before have I seen four hundred and fifty thousand American people condemned to endless savagery for the crime of geographical location.

A day's visit in Salt Lake City, with its wide streets, its fine homes, its modern business structures and its general air of busy prosperity, is all that is needed to give the lie to Mr. DeVoto's absurd statement. But such a visit is not within the realm of possibility for most of his readers; nor is it necessary. The contradictory gentleman proves with his own words the absurdity of his charges.

He concedes that in Utah poverty "is rare," and this statement is verified by the well-known writer Kenneth L. Roberts in his article on "Mormonism," published in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

"Morality, the unassuming morality of unassuming folk," confesses DeVoto, "is high."

Thus in one sentence he confesses his inability to find fault with the state from the standpoint of morals and decency—the one ground upon which the people of Utah have been most bitterly assailed by the uninformed people outside the state. That this writer admits the high standard of morals in Utah is significant.

Further, he admits that in matters of tolerance, schools, state roads, civic virtue and patriotism Utah is well above the average.

Having heard his confessions, perhaps I may be permitted to make one of my own. If lack of poverty, civic virtue, the possession of good schools, a high standard of morals, and withal a spirit of tolerance—if these are not the distinguishing characteristics of our highest civilization, I confess I do not understand the term.

Speaking of artists, Mr. DeVoto remarks, in his very charitable manner, "I defy Mr. Masters or anyone else to find one artist or even a quasi-artist in all the wide-expanse of Utah, from Soda Springs to Hurricane, from Roosevelt to St. George."

I am unable to determine just how wide an expanse the author has included in this sweeping statement, but I am inclined to think that his enthusiasm has swept him entirely out of the state because

there is *no such place* in Utah as Soda Springs. There is, however, a Soda Springs in Idaho about forty-five miles north of the Utah border and I am inclined to believe that this is the town referred to because, judging by some of his other "facts," forty-five miles is not too great a distance for this author to deviate from the truth in order to make his point.

I mention this matter, not because it is important, but simply because it is an error which anyone living outside the state can verify by a glance at the map. It is unimportant except as it suggests the author's lack of even an elementary knowledge of his home state, and the possibility that he may have made other more vital errors.

But to return to DeVoto's defiant challenge. Is it true that there is not one artist in Utah? One of the most coveted honors to be gained in the field of art is the distinction of exhibiting a picture in the Paris Salon. It is an honor that comes only to artists of unusual ability. Lee Green Richards has received this honor many times and upon one occasion his work was given honorable mention. James T. Harwood, head of the art department of the University of Utah, has exhibited in the Salon a number of times. In 1903 he was the winner of the Academy Julian Medal together with a cash prize. Mary Teasdale has exhibited at the Paris Salon and the St. Louis Exposition. Alma B. Wright has received recognition from the Paris Salon and the St. Louis Exposition. Edwin Evans exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago and more recently at the French Salon. Myra Sawyer was given recognition by the Salon and has had two of her miniatures accepted at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. All of these artists, as well as numerous others, are living in Utah.

Of sculpture Mr. DeVoto says, "You will find in Utah one exquisite monument to the sea gulls and three dozen wooden Indians covered with tin plate and named after the martyrs."

This statement, like most of his statements of "facts," is vague and contradictory. Two of the most prominent statues of "martyrs" in Utah are the figures of Joseph and Hyrum Smith located on the temple block, and these are no doubt two of the figures to which he refers. Mr. DeVoto is apparently unaware that they are the work of Mahonri Young, the same artist whose Sea Gull Monument the author admits is "exquisite."

No doubt Mr. DeVoto refers also to the statue of Brigham Young and other figures by C. E. Dallin, whose "wooden Indians" have received considerable recognition in Utah. If he were fair, however, in his appraisal of Mr. Dallin's "wooden Indians," he would inform us that this artist received honorable mention for one of them (The Signal of Peace) at the Paris Salon in 1890. But since he does not call attention to this fact let me mention in passing that Mr. Dallin won a medal for one of his "wooden Indians" at the World's Fair in Chicago and that this same statue was purchased for that city and stands today in Lincoln Park as a memorial to the American

Indian. Nor was Chicago the only city to recognize his genius. His "Medicine Man" was purchased by a group of Philadelphia art critics and placed in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The Fine Arts Museum of Boston acquired his "Appeal to the Great Spirit." Some of his other works are his statue of Sir Isaac Newton in the rotunda of the Library of Congress, "The Scout," Kansas City, and the "Statue of Massasoit," at Plymouth, Mass. So if Utah has erred in giving recognition to Dallin's "wooden Indians," she, at least, has the consolation of knowing that she is not alone in her folly.

Is it true, as Mr. DeVoto charges, that Utah has no interest in social, intellectual or artistic life? The facts do not seem to bear him out.

Even while the people of the state were fighting to make the desert habitable, Brigham Young brought Julia Dean Hayne, one of the greatest actresses of her time, all the way from the East to give the people the best that could be obtained in the field of drama. This talented actress not only produced the best plays of her time, but trained entire companies of Utah players that they might be able to "carry on" after she had gone. And today dramatic art holds a high place in Utah communities.

One of the first large buildings erected in Utah was the Salt Lake Theater, dedicated in 1862. It was the first theater built in the West and was for many years the largest theater west of New York City. The greatest actors and actresses known to the stage have presented their performances in this pioneer showhouse. And the finest plays on the boards today may still be seen there. Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Louis James have given their stellar presentations of Shakespeare. John McCullough, E. A. Southern, Robert Keene and Robert Mantell have also given their splendid interpretations of this master playwright. Mrs. Fiske, Nance O'Niel, Mrs. Leslie Carter, David Warfield, John and Lionel Barrymore and a host of others, from experience, could bear witness to Utah's love of good drama.

Does Utah have any interest in the artistic? Anyone who thinks she does not will have difficulty in explaining why it was that Utah established the first art school in the West and why Utah was the first state in the union to create a state art department at public expense.

Does Utah have any interest in music? The fact that shortly after the pioneers arrived they built one of the largest pipe-organs in the world for their tabernacle would seem to indicate that they were not entirely devoid of musical appreciation. When one realizes that much of the material to build this huge instrument had to be transported across the country by ox-teams, one can gain some idea of the immensity of the undertaking.

Nor is this organ used to furnish music for Church services alone. Every week-day through the year it is used to give a recital to the

public, free of charge, and the music is rendered by organists of recognized ability.

The Mutual Improvement Associations of the "Mormon" Church conduct contests in which cash prizes are given for the musical selections most successfully rendered.

The Utah schools are provided with good music departments and the result of musical encouragement is shown by the fact that a Utah choir won second place at the World's Fair in Chicago against the finest choirs in the country. This same state, in spite of its youth, has given the United States three outstanding stars of the opera and concert stage—Emma Lucy Gates, Margaret Romaine and Irene Williams.

Nor is Utah isolated from the best music that is to be heard in the East. Perhaps the Easterner who prides himself on having heard such artists as Emma Clave, Patti, Galli-Curci, Heifetz or John McCormack will be surprised to learn that these musicians have performed in the wilds of Utah, not once, but many times. You may have heard the masterful renditions of Schumann-Heink and Paderewski in New York or Boston and I, too, have heard them in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, within a short time of each other.

Does Utah have any interest in intellectual life? The two thousand nine hundred students enrolled in the state university together with the thirteen hundred enrolled in the Brigham Young University would lead us to think so. The seven hundred graduates from the two schools stand ready to dispute the claim that in Utah people "talk only of the Prophet, hogs, and Fords." If any one is foolish enough to suppose that these subjects form the only topics of Utah conversation let him engage some of these students in a discussion of Keats, Shelley, Chaucer or Milton, and their knowledge of these authors will be a revelation to him.

In paying a doubtful compliment to Dr. Kerr of the University of Utah, Mr. DeVoto says, "he stands out like a sequoia amidst sagebrush—a scholar alone in a mob of 'Mormon' bishops, tank town annotaters and hicks."

If this is true it is indeed painful to learn that such a laxness of standards exists at Mr. DeVoto's own dear old Harvard. For surely the blame for such "scholastic ignorance" rests largely upon the school from which these men received their education, and a study of the facts reveals that sixteen members of the present faculty of the University of Utah are from Harvard students. George Thomas, president of the University, received his master's degree from that institution. It seems to me that it is very unfortunate that Harvard has degenerated into a machine for the manufacture of "tank-town annotaters and hicks." As to the other members of the faculty, they are without exception, graduates of schools of recognized scholastic standing.

The most convincing answer to this charge against the U. of U. faculty is the fact that this school is a member of the Association of

American Universities, with which only the leading universities of the United States are affiliated. Membership in this organization means that all work done at the Utah school is accepted on an equal basis with that of Harvard, Princeton, Johns Hopkins or any other university of high standard.

While this complete recognition has not yet been accorded to the Brigham Young University, an indication of the type of students found in the "Mormon" school is given by the fact that the past year's graduating law classes of both the University of Chicago and the George Washington University were led in the matter of scholarship by former B. Y. U. graduates.

"Who ever heard of a Utahn?" inquires DeVoto with child-like naivete.

The world of music has heard of Margaret Romaine and Emma Lucy Gates. They have become famous on the concert and opera stage. Irene Williams has achieved fame both here and abroad as a Mozart artist.

New York and Boston have heard of John J. McClellan, who was one of the world's greatest organists.

Maude Adams was one of the greatest actresses, if not the greatest, of her time, and her superb portrayal of the role of "Peter Pan" has never been equaled.

The world of art has heard of Mahonri Young, who won a silver medal at the Panama Exposition, in 1915, and who is one of the leading sculptors of New York City today.

Philadelphia, Boston and Paris have heard of John Hafen, who was one of our finest landscape painters.

Paris has heard of Rose Hartwell and Ralston Gibbs, who have both exhibited at the Salon.

The first time in history that beauty-loving turned to America for a piece of her art it was the work of C. E. Dallin that she requested—a statue that stands today in Vienna, Austria, as an example of the best that America can produce.

Merely to have his work exhibited in the French Salon is sufficient distinction to mark an artist as great, and many Utah people have gained this honor, but it is interesting to note that the youngest person ever admitted to the Salon was also a Utahn—Avard Fairbanks of Springville, who gained this signal distinction at the age of fifteen.

Nor is Utah unknown in the field of commercial art. John Held, Jr., of Salt Lake City holds a high place among the cartoonists, his work being featured almost every week in *Life*, *Judge*, and other magazines. Another Salt Lake boy, Clyde Squires, is one of America's finest illustrators. His picture, "Her Gift," hangs in thousands of homes and is perhaps as well known as anything of its kind.

"Who ever heard of a Utah playwright?" Broadway has heard and is still hearing of the Utah boy, Otto Haubach, who has won

his place among the playwrights with such successes as "No, No, Nanette," "Rose-Marie," and "Wild-Flower."

Utah has contributed two recognized "stars" to motion pictures—Betty Compson and John Gilbert. No doubt Mr. DeVoto has never heard of them but almost every patron of the "movies" has. One of the greatest motion pictures ever produced was "The Covered Wagon," and the man who directed it and was largely responsible for its success was James Cruze of Ogden. In the field of scenario writing there are few who have achieved greater success than has June Mathis of Utah.

Who ever heard of a Utahn indeed! About a year ago the entire world was thrilled by the achievement of Lieutenant Russel L. Maughan, who made the first successful flight from coast to coast in a single day.

One of the great inventors of modern firearms was John M. Browning of Ogden. His automatic pistol was adopted by the U. S. government in 1908. His guns have been adopted by a number of European countries and his machine-gun and machine rifle were adopted by the U. S. government in 1918.

In the field of law this state is also represented. One of the judges on the bench of the highest court in the land—the U. S. Supreme Court—is George Sutherland of Utah.

In the Senate of the United States there is perhaps no committee of greater importance than the finance committee—the watch-dog of the treasury. To be elected to this body is an honor; to be chosen as its head is to gain distinct recognition. At the present time this body is headed by the Utah senator, Reed Smoot.

Who's Who in America, which lists the names of those who have accomplished some noteworthy achievement or gained some position of prominence, gives Utah as the birthplace of more of its "elect" than can be claimed by any other of the eight states in the Rocky-Mountain region. Even Colorado, with a population almost twice as great, falls far below this state as a cradle of greatness. Nor is it true that those who become prominent must leave the state to do it. Eighty-six people listed in *Who's Who?* are living in Utah today.

Yes, people *really live* in Utah! The best that the world of music, of art or of drama has to offer is theirs to enjoy. Theirs, also, are those simpler joys of living that are lost forever to those living in our crowded centers of population.

Thousands of people living in our great cities are so busy making a living that they can find no time to *live*. They are so busy defending themselves in the battle for a mere existence that they have hardly a moment to pause and ask themselves what it is all about. In Utah the battle to live has not yet achieved such titantic proportions. One still has time to pause long enough to enjoy the beauty of the sunset; to look up at the stars; to laugh and to live. In Utah there is still room for the man of moderate means to have

a home of his own with a lawn in front and a garden in the rear, and the overwhelming majority of Utahns do live in such homes in striking contrast to the congestion of the apartment-house districts of Chicago or the squalor of the tenement districts of New York. The Utahn still has time to have "neighbors" as well as friends, and to extend to the stranger the smile of good-fellowship.

What, then, is the excuse for DeVoto's article? Perhaps the explanation for such an imaginative outburst lies in some real or fancied hurt suffered by the author. Perhaps (and this is, I think, the more probable explanation), finding himself unable to sell his literary wares, he has turned at last, in desperation, to the ancient subterfuge of sensationalism as a means of gaining a market for writings of doubtful literary merit. To attack Utah is the popular thing to do and, because it usually attracts favorable attention from the editors to do so, many an author of mediocre ability has bitterly condemned the Utah people, with little regard for the truth, and with no other purpose in mind than the saving of his literary efforts from the oblivion of the waste-basket.

The Old West

The ripin' an' tearin' an' roarin' old West
Is passing out over the hills,
And into its place comes a gentler quest
Of life, with its triumph and thrills.
The day of the scabbard and pistol and knife
Is gone with the Indian's whoop,
While Industry's hum replaces the strife,
And peace reigns supreme in the group.

The drinkin' an' shootin' an' fightin' old West
Is gone with the old schooner trails,
Slow lumbering oxen have taken their rest,
Replaced by the gleaming steel rails.
The red-skin no longer goes crouching at dawn,
To capture his foe unaware.
The danger of forest and mountain are gone,
With the lion and bob-cat and bear.

But the strength of the old is passed to the new,
An heritage worthy of men;
The will or the courage to dare and to do,
Still pulses today same as then.
The throb and the hum of this vibrant new life,
Demands that a man do his best
To fight and to win, not counting the strife;
It was ever the test of the West.

Sigurd, Utah.

IRVIN L. WARNOCK.

ALCOHOL AND HUMANITY

BY L. WESTON OAKS, M. D.

II

ALCOHOL'S ACTION UPON THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF MAN

When we speak of the nervous system, we are directing our attention to the most delicate, highly specialized and sensitively attuned structure known to human intelligence. Man's nervous system is the citadel of his soul. Through it alone can his spirit make contact with and learn to comprehend any of the phenomena of mortal life. Yet he often ignores its gentle complaints against abuse, until outraged Nature cries to him in terms he must heed. Strange indeed that, possessing so priceless a treasure, we should be so ignorant of its workings, and so unmindful of our welfare, that it must in dire necessity thrust its demands upon us through pain, death or disorder of the mind! There are very few of us, who, boasting ownership of a beautiful platinum and gold watch, would go about subjecting it to sundry powerful chemicals, merely to enjoy whatever sensation marring of its beauty and action might arouse in us. We should unhesitatingly remand to institutional care any person who deliberately poured sulphuric acid upon the wiring and ignition units of his new automobile just to hear it sputter and see it smoke. Yet many of us who consider ourselves sane and normal willingly subject our bodies to far more imbecilic assaults, in our blind search for what we are pleased in our puerile minds to call pleasure.

Alcohol is a powerful poison which does serious damage to delicate nerve tissues. Upon this system of the human body it wreaks its worst effects. In former days, observers believed alcohol to be a stimulant, because it produced increase of pulse rate, flushing of the face, as well as unnatural talkativeness and vivacity. Today we recognize all of these as indications of depression or narcosis. More rapid pulse rate, in this instance, results from some lowering of blood pressure and from depression of the vagus nerve—controller of the heart's rate. Flushing, as has already been explained, occurs through lowered activity in a part of that complex regulating mechanism of the blood vessels. For a time, it was more difficult to understand apparent livening of the mind and loosening of the tongue, in acute poisoning by alcohol, unless it did for a time act as a stimulant to the nervous system. Then came clearer comprehension of the delicate operation of checks and balances maintained in natural function of nerve tissues. Upon the basis of this knowledge, clear conception of the seeming inconsistency was easy. It is now commonly recognized that alcohol, by depressing certain highly specialized structures releases the brakes, as it were, and sets free frisky impulses. These nerves of inhibition, as they are known, normally restrain the individual from obeying quickly every trivial impulse that arises in his consciousness. In other words,

they make actions and words subject to such good judgment as the person is possessed of; and when they are barred from the field, wise discrimination is no longer possible. Dr. Percy G. Stiles, in an *American Journal of Public Hygiene* editorial, fittingly treats this situation as follows:

"We have now to speak of alcohol as a 'mental alternative.' The term has been chosen, rather than 'cerebral stimulant' for reasons that may appear. Whatever else is claimed, the effect chiefly sought in drinking is upon the brain. This effect is generally, but inaccurately, described as stimulation. But a stimulant is best described as an agent which increases working capacity.

* * * A true stimulant for the brain should increase the power of sustained mental attention and consecutive orderly thinking. Few would claim for alcohol such a property as this. The word 'dissipation' which we use for intemperance, is a very precise one. Scattering, rather than concentration of thoughts, is the mental habit from first to last. Perhaps a man may be at his best socially when he is not at his best logically. There is a degree of attractiveness in the workings of a slightly inconsequent mind. We are amused by unexpected associations. A little alcohol lessens self-consciousness, with the result that the subject speaks without reserve, and without confining himself to what is important. Conversation is diluted with trivialities. We may admit that this is enlivening. But how much the animating potency of wine at banquets is over-estimated! There is a simple reason for its undeserved reputation; and this is found in lowered standards of judgment on the part of those who listen to what is said. The ready laughter and applause do not indicate brilliancy on the part of the speaker nearly so often as readiness to be amused on the part of the listeners. In the midst of such company, the total abstainer feels an amazement verging on disgust, as he observes the demonstrations that greet speeches which, in themselves, are wholly insane and commonly in bad taste. How feeble are the sallies, when recalled in the light of common day!"

Dr. Hughlings Jackson, an eminent English authority upon nervous and mental diseases, has said:

"A drunken man notably exhibits the abstract and brief chronicle of insanity, going through its successive phases in a short space of time."

In other words, Dr. Jackson means that, under alcohol's influence, a man shows the various phases of the disordered mind; and that they change rapidly from one to the other, as succeeding stages of the poisoning come on. Early he shows the brisk flow of ideas, translated into speech and action expressive of self-confidence. The individual is moved to believe and make known that he is a personage of some importance in the universe. Coincidentally, there is a rapid diminution of self-criticism and judgment. A small amount of the drug is sufficient to produce these results, as it notably affects earliest and most profoundly those mental and spiritual qualities that are of the highest order. That is to say, the ability of a mental giant for profound thinking, the artist's power to conceive and create beautiful expressions of the infinite, a great composer's talent for rising above mundane things and plucking from Eternity musical creations that touch human hearts forever—all of these are highest expressions of that God-like faculty, the mind. They are possible only in those who receive inspiration from on high; and are effectually cut off by any agent which dulls perception, obstructs logic or impairs the utmost

co-ordination of all mental pathways. Alcohol accomplishes all three of these; and insulates the individual from his ability to rise above the animal level. Human records offer little evidence of inspiring things accomplished by one under the influence of any drug. Some have it that Robert Burns gave homage to his cup as the source of his poetic inspiration; but there seems nothing approaching proof that he actually wrote any of his poems while under its influence. At the same time, it is more than probable that, had this brilliant mind been inspired by other factors notably lacking in his life, he might have authored expressions of a much higher order than he could as it was.

Alcohol effectually cuts off the higher centers of man's mind, leaving the reflex, or purely animal part of the nervous system, in virtual control. Under such conditions, baser passions and emotions are quick to flame up and direct his conduct. From one possible of Godhood, a man descends in alcohol to a bestial brute of lower level than animals of the field.

Early in the progress of the poisoning, ability to carry out finely co-ordinated muscular acts is abolished. Dr. H. M. Vernon, of England, reports in the *British Journal of Inebriety* a series of experiments which strongly indicate that the taking of alcohol decidedly lowers the power to carry out skilled muscular acts such as typewriting; and that it lessens the individual's accuracy. An English investigating board, appointed to gather material along this line, cited some studies carried out with Alpine mountain climbers. It was found that administration of moderate doses of alcohol, before beginning and during the climb, markedly reduced sureness and accuracy of muscular action. The experienced climber was lowered to the beginner's level. Movements were badly directed or ill-judged. In the average, hardened mountain man, it was found that a dose of one ounce tended to undo all effects of training, during the time of its effect.

From Professor M. A. Rosanoff, quoting some work of Dr. Emil Kraepelin, we read:

"Moderate amounts of alcohol taken with a meal effect a very considerable lowering of capacity for doing muscular work. The widespread notion that moderate drinking with meals helps a laborer to do his work is false. Moderate drinking reduces considerably an artisan's efficiency. Its effect is cumulative, and the losses caused by it increase as time goes on."

That this reduction in muscular power and co-ordination, or control, is due to the effects of alcohol upon the nerves that initiate and govern muscle action is borne out by other experimental study, directed toward learning of its influence upon reflex movements.

Drs. Bennett and Dodge, in the journal of *The American Medical Association*, record results of timing reflex actions in people treated with small amounts of alcohol. Their study seems to reveal a precise and undeniable foundation for the belief that alcohol promotes the likelihood of accidents. It is a well known fact that our first response to sudden demands, in the face of the unexpected, hinges

greatly upon reflex action, supervised by the brain. Of course, this means such action is not wholly reflex; but the accuracy and the precision with which we judge and perform under such conditions of sudden stress are dependent upon clear-cut, unimpeded, automatic cooperation of many groups of nerves and muscles. Ingestion of alcohol was found to interfere with this in two ways. First, there was a decided delay in reflex action; and two separate sets of investigators have found the speed of response decreased ten per cent. This, however, varies for different groups of nerves. Finger movements are delayed nine per cent; velocity of eye movements is lessened eleven per cent; and speech reflex is three per cent slower than normal. The second phase of alteration in response is a decrease in its extent, which has been estimated at forty-eight per cent for some major reflexes. Consideration of the part played in our great number of automobile accidents scarcely leaves any room for doubt as to the validity of these statements.

Speaking from an every-day medical standpoint, Dr. Brickley, in *The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, decides that:

Alcohol causes accidents.

Alcohol obscures diagnosis, in case of illness.

Alcohol increases danger of infection in injury.

Alcohol retards process of tissue repair in wound healing.

Alcohol increases mortality from accidents.

Death by acute alcohol poisoning results from paralysis of that brain centre which controls respiration or breathing. It has been generally estimated that when the blood content of grain alcohol reaches six parts in one thousand, fatal consequence is certain. This means for an average-sized individual a dose of about fourteen ounces of absolute alcohol—an amount rarely taken within the time necessary to produce such concentration. Although death from acute poisoning is comparatively uncommon, practically every individual who becomes intoxicated does enter a state of unconsciousness from which it is impossible to arouse him, during a number of hours. In such a condition, a gap has been created by the drug between his mind and his surroundings; his perceptions are temporarily paralyzed; he loses all control of his muscles so that he can no longer stand, and usually this extends to include the urinary bladder, making him—to all except those whose faculties are burdened like his own—an object of abhorrence and disgust.

Repeated incurrence of such a dissolved state of mind and nervous system eventually brings a sure result. Delirium tremens, so called, is a most dramatic evidence of this; and is the first stage of permanent mental dissolution. In it there is an active delirium, in which the affected one sees various crawling, fear-inspiring creatures, invisible to the unintoxicated. These hallucinations lead to trembling, anxiety and mental distress, with profuse sweating. Having attained such a condition, the individual is ripe for institutional care; and many of them are never again fit to carry on their every-day lives without supervision.

A great deal has been said upon both sides of the question as to whether alcohol is a predisposing cause of ordinary types of insanity. A survey of available literature upon the subject impresses one that those who rapidly oppose such an idea mostly fall into one of three classes. They are: (1) The group who cling fiercely to the bottle, and loudly resent anything that threatens their security therein; (2) those yellow journalists who berate, as a matter of principle, any attempt to lift humanity above the Stygian mire, and (3) individuals deriving monetary gains from the degradation of their weaker fellows. Strictly opposed to these groups, are the earnest scientific men, who are seeking after truth; and who desire the best for humanity. Dr. Emil Kraepelin, as a result of his very extensive study of the subject, says emphatically that alcohol is leading civilized humanity upon the road to degeneracy. Dr. D. T. Crothers, Superintendent of Walnut Lodge Hospital gathered the figures of European and American investigators as to what percentages of undesirable human circumstances exist as a result of alcoholic abuse. Statistics from different localities vary widely; and his summary was as follows:

Insanity, 10% to 60%.
Pauperism, 30% to 80%.
Criminality, 60% to 90%.
Idiocy, 30% to 70%.

Certainly these figures are significant; and, granting that the most conservative is the high limit, we still have grave and sufficient cause to consider this drug as predatory upon human life.

Associated with mental degenerative changes from alcohol is alcoholic neuritis and alcoholic paralysis. These are usually slow to come on; but once acquired, they are not easily gotten rid of. None of them ever get well so long as any alcohol is taken; and even with the best of treatment, half of them shortly die.

ALCOHOL AND LONG LIFE

Any discussion of alcohol and human welfare must eventually reach the question of longevity. Like other propositions, loudly and voluminously attacked and defended, this still holds power to excite animosity in certain quarters. Doubtless personal opinion has extended largely into the mooting of it. Newspapers have played a considerable role by heralding loudly the few instances of persons who have attained advanced years, in spite of alcoholic libations. As usual, publicity to the rare and unusual cases serves to obscure, for many of us, the obvious legions whose vitality has not served to preserve them against their abuses. There are always extraordinary instances to stand out and be shouted over; and which serve to distract our attention from the true issue. In this paper, we are not interested in those few who become centenarians despite daily drugging of their finer sensibilities. Our concern lies with the countless thousands whose health and lives have been, and are being, im-

poverished as well as shortened by ignorance and appetite. Laboratory experimentation is not feasible to settle this phase of the question; but there is an unbiased source of information in the statistics so carefully gathered and preserved by life insurance companies. Long experience has shown undeniably that individuals who tamper with alcoholic beverages are poorer risks for insurance.

A committee appointed by the English Central Control Board of The Liquor Traffic, for the purpose of investigating questions pertaining to the use of alcoholic beverages, states as a part of its conclusions:

"(1) That the death rate is lower and the expectation of life longer in the section of an insurance society admitting only total abstainers from alcohol than in the section admitting those who are not abstainers from alcohol. (2) That the statistics of mortality are more favorable from abstainers than are the returns from other societies making no such distinctions, and which issue policies chiefly to persons of a more prosperous social class."

Dr. Ebenezer, in the *American Underwriter's Magazine and Review* for September, 1909, states that life insurance statistics show twenty-three per cent less mortality in abstainers than in non-abstainers. Insurance companies prefer risks who do not use alcohol.

IN SUMMARY

A study of alcohol's effects upon the human body reveals undeniable evidence that the drug is derogatory to our best welfare: that its use precludes our enjoyment of the highest intellectual, spiritual, physical or social life. Then why the great fight over its use? That tremendous profits accruing from its sale stimulate a gigantic propaganda to keep the question alive is undoubted. However, this does not seem sufficient explanation of why humans persist in its consumption, when they well know it is detrimental. There, of course, we see the result of its habit-forming potency; and are made to realize our responsibility in acquainting our boys and girls with the truth concerning it. Many agencies have served in casting about alcoholism a cloak of romance to hide its stark frightfulness. And when individual experience has given a man power to see through the fabric of deception, he frequently has become so fettered by his craving for the drug that he no longer has physical stamina to resist its whisperings.

Education, of the proper, truth-dealing sort, offers our only hope where legislation has failed. For each individual must be convinced in his own heart. Then there will be no alcohol problem.

Dr. Kraepelin, after deeply studying the subject, tells us that alcohol impairs every human faculty; and that the higher, the more complex the human faculty, the more pronounced is the effect of alcohol upon it. He also maintains that the effects of alcohol are cumulative. That is, its continuous use, even in moderate quantities, impairs the abilities at a rapidly increasing rate.

Provo, Utah.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF MINEHUNE

BY ELDER LEE N. TAYLOR, A MISSIONARY IN KAPAA, KAUAI, T. H.

Kauai was originally called the island of Minehune, the place of Hawaii's legendary little people. Numerous fables or sagas are told of their prowess as ditch-builders and builders of break-waters, etc.

In most of these stories the elves are represented as having done their work mischievously, ending in benefit to man. According to the stories I have heard, the Minehunes worked only at night. Starting soon after dark, they are said always to have completed a given job before morn, or before the second crowing of the rooster.

The Minehunes once made a trip to Kona, where they had a number of jobs to do. The leader of the little men pointed out a large hill, upon their arrival, to some of his captains, and requested that the hill be moved from its resting place to a point some three miles down the mountain side to the seashore. He urged that his men must move as fast as possible, since they were undertaking a large task for one night. He also told them to be sure to stop their labors at the second crow of the rooster, as he did not wish to be discovered in action. The Minehunes set to work with a will. They cut down some huge trees and shoved them through the hill, with ends projecting out at both sides. At the leader's command, thousands of the little men stationed at the projecting tree trunks hoisted their heavy burden and carried it slowly down the mountain side.

Now there was one Kamo Kane who lived just above the side of the hill which the Minehunes undertook to carry away. He was a mischievous rooster and had a bad reputation among his fellows for his sometimes harmful tricks. He was out looking for trouble on the night the Minehunes decided to move the hill and, in his characteristic way, managed to hear their plans for carrying it away.

The hill had not been carried half the distance intended when loud and clear the crowing of the first cock was heard! The Minehunes looked surprised, and turned inquiringly to their captains, but were only told to increase their speed. The little men continued to toil with all their might to reach the seashore before the signal to quit. Little did they suspect that Kamo Kane intended that they should never complete their work. They had but a few more yards to go when the second crow sounded. There was nothing for them to do but to drop their load and scamper away. They were so rushed that none of them noticed the triumphant chuckle at the end of the crowing. The roosters of the neighborhood, however, did not answer the early crow, as they knew who had startled them from their mid-night slumber, but the Minehunes had left for good, and they

were ashamed to return. They failed to complete their work before the second crow of the cock.

You don't believe the story? Well, how do you account for that lone hill away down there by the seashore with the tree trunks sticking out at each side? A fault, you say? *Ua pololei no ka moololo; o oe no ka mea hupo.* (The story is correct; you are the dumb one.)

I wish I could tell you the story as the Hawaiian told it to me. His telling carried the spirit of conviction.

The Smoker's Rights

In an editorial in *The Commercial Bulletin*, of Boston, December 4, 1926, the attitude of the smoker towards his fellows was given a most interesting "airing." Reference was made to the new plan lately adopted for the regulation of smoking on the underground railways of London, by which a few compartments on each train are reserved for *non-smokers*, and smoking allowed in all other compartments; instead of forbidding smoking, as formerly, in all cars except those designated as "smoking cars." "It seems quite an innovation," the editor says, "for the London railways to make smoking cars the rule and non-smoking cars the exception." From the many interesting paragraphs, we quote the following:

"They enter a car, light a pipe and smoke up, regardless of any regulations, and they will probably light their pipes in compartments for non-smokers in the future just as they have done in the past. * * * But women and men who do not enjoy being fumigated by smoke from pipe, cigar or cigarette in the poorly ventilated little compartments of the underground railway, will have to yield to the selfish will of the majority.

"The smoker resents being called selfish when he thinks only of his own pleasure and disregards the rights and comfort of others. He enjoys the sensation of smoke in his nose, mouth and throat, and he can not understand why tobacco smoke should be obnoxious and even cause pain to others, any more than a poodle dog just out of the water can understand why people move away as he shakes the water from his fur.

"The smoker does not understand that the smoke he loves may cause pain and hoarseness in the throat of a singer who is not a smoker, and when he has filled a room with tobacco smoke, he would ridicule the idea that it is a hardship for any man or woman to have to sleep in that room after he has left the house.

"As majorities rule, it is obvious that a man who does not smoke is a crank with no rights to pure air and comfort that a smoker need respect. Among the few places left as sanctuaries from tobacco smoke are the church and the powder magazine, but a man can not be expected to spend all his time in such places, for if he is a business man, he has to go to his office occasionally.

"When you ask men or women if they object to your smoking in house or office, they will urge you to smoke because they are polite, but if they are not smokers, the chances are a hundred to one that they would be much better pleased if you would forego your pleasure for a time rather than cause discomfort to others."

EASTER BLOSSOMS

BY ELIZABETH CANNON PORTER

Joan Ware wondered when Mr. Tate would propose. He had intimated that he would not marry again until his children were gone. Effie, the youngest, had been married three months. Joan had not seen much of him since.

It was early Spring, when life renews itself. Nature donned new garb for the season. Pairs of robins prepared their apartments. Crocuses, pale yellow and lavender, cast off their shackles of snow; good-scented violets snuggled beneath their green canopies; school children brought in pussy willows with their gray cotton balls. The very wind from the south seemed to suggest breath of undiscovered countries.

The middle-aged woman was stirred by feelings that she had thought buried these twenty years. The immediate cause of them had been the look in Dr. Burke's eyes when he assisted her up. Had it been the long grilling in the dentist's chair that had caused her heart to pound so? Women, she knew, are apt to flatter themselves about men's attentions. But then eyes, she reflected, always tell the truth, and Dr. Burke's eyes—

The incident set her to wondering about Tate. He was her attorney and their semi-business relations had extended over a period of years. She was the support of her mother and he had a family to care for,—a family to whom he did not care to give a stepmother. Still there had been a sort of understanding that if he were free—

His anaemic attentions had included flowers for her mother on her birthday, and fruit, also for her mother, at Christmas; the loan of a book; a walk home from the library; attending to some minor business. They liked to talk, though Joan considered him somewhat old-fashioned in his views. He seemed to be a gentleman of the old school. Love, Joan thought, is like a flame. It has to be stoked with fuel if it is to continue to burn brightly. Neglected, it flickers out.

Her mother had died the year before, at an advanced age, and left Joan afloat like a derelict. So long had her activities centered around the older woman that when she was gone life seemed a vacuum. Although she had been a devoted daughter, Joan felt that she had wasted her life. The men that she had known in her youth were marrying off their own daughters now.

Yet how many of the world's activities are carried on by the so-called "old-maids," useful, unselfish work which people absorbed by their own families cannot do. A successful school teacher, her pent-up motherhood had expressed itself in instructing twenty roomfuls of other people's children. She was an actress in the ward's dramatics, president of the Y. L. M. I. A., secretary of the Nature Study club,

and a beneficent aunt to numerous nephews and nieces. Also a sort of fairy godmother to some country cousins interested in the styles of the city. A gracious mistress of a charming home—all this and much more she was.

If Henry Tate had offered his sympathy during those first lonely months of bereavement, he would have secured Joan. But, missing the chaperonage of the elder woman, he did not call. He was a great stickler on appearances. Joan felt that he considered himself of superior social position. Having acquired worldly possessions hard, he was inclined to place undue value upon them. Also he seemed concerned with Effie, but now she was gone.

A few days after the dental episode, Dr. Burke came to her. He drew up in front of the house in his slim, gray roadster.

"Slip on your coat and come with me for a breath of Spring air," he called gaily.

She went gladly. In the park the trees were budding out into pale feathery green. Dr. Burke pointed to beds of pink tulips and early jonquils.

"Some lives are like bulbs enwrapped in commonplace brown casings until the opportunity offers for them to bloom. Life is always moving. New conditions call for changes. You would be a different woman if you got out of your old environment," he added suddenly.

"At my age?" she asked incredulously.

"You have discovered the fountain of youth for which Ponce de Leon became the original Florida tourist."

"What is it?"

"A keen interest in life. Witness Sarah Bernhardt."

After that Norman Burke came often and they sped out into the open.

"Have to get out after being shut in the office all day," he explained laconically.

He drove fast and he always knew where to go. Joan liked to leave everything to him. The color came to her cheeks, brightness to her eyes. She groomed herself with care and shopped for clothes.

"You remind me of Mendelsohn's *Spring Song*," he complimented her when she came out in rose. (The color enveloped her like an aura.)

One rainy night they sat in the house and read Kipling's poems. As she listened to her visitor's sonorous tones, she seemed to hear the boom of British artillery in the un-colored East Indian landscape.

Still she heard nothing from Tate.

One day they sat at a rustic table at Pinecrest. Their gaze encompassed the greenswaddled canyon through which the covered wagons had made their toilsome way nearly eighty years before. The adventurous courage of his forebears welled up in the doctor.

"I would like to have you sit opposite me like this always," he said suddenly. "Will you?"

Joan looked at him astonished.

"You mean?"

"Let's be married at Easter."

"Oh, I couldn't so soon,—and there's Mr. Tate," she objected feebly.

"You're not engaged to him?"

"No—"

"He's about fifteen years older than you, anyway, isn't he?"

"Nearer twenty."

Burke threw back his head and laughed.

"Why, Joan, you wouldn't want an old man like that. In a few years you would be running with flannels." Thus summarily he disposed of Tate.

Although Joan said that she couldn't, she did. She prepared her clothes for the Temple, and was married to Dr. Burke for time and eternity, while the whole earth was blossoming with the renewal of its covenants,—at Easter time with its promise of life after death. The bride herself was lovely as an Easter lily emerged from the bulb.

Love glorified her, like a butterfly escaped from the chrysalis.



Photo by Courtesy D. S. Spencer, Gen. Pass. Agent, U. P. System, Salt Lake City.

RED CANYON HIGHWAY, ROAD TO BRYCE AND SOUTHERN UTAH

Clad in tweeds they departed for southern Utah. For a fleeting moment Joan thought of Tate.

"Well, if he'd made as cautious a husband as he did lover, it's a good thing that I lost him," she reflected. She remembered the slow bridegroom in "Young Lochinvar," who stood "dangling his bonnet and plume." Only her lover's escaping steed in this case happened to be a modern automobile. She devoted her attention to her husband, who seemed to require considerable of it.

It was rose time in Utah's Dixie. For a month they reveled in the color that is Bryce, the immensity that is the Grand Canyon, the spiritual beauty that is the Little Zion.

On their return home, Joan found among her dusty, accumulated letters one from Mr. Tate summoning her to call at his office to sign some papers. As it was addressed to "Miss Joan Ware," in his stilted handwriting, she judged that he had not heard of her marriage.



Photo by Courtesy D. S. Spencer, Gen. Pass. Agent, U. P. System, Salt Lake City
THE BEAUTY THAT IS LITTLE ZION

When she reached his office she was arrested by hearing her name. The door was ajar and she heard him say in his precise, punctilious way to his law partner:

"You say, Walter, that you think Miss Ware expects me to marry her? I don't see how she could think that. Our relations have been confined to business."

Joan flushed. Then she tip-toed to the end of the hall. She walked boldly back and entered the office.

Tate noticed how well she looked.

After greetings, Joan removed her gloves. She signed herself "Joan W. Burke."

"You see I've changed my name. I was married a month ago—" she stated simply.

Mr. Tate's jaw sagged.

"I hadn't heard." He forced a sickly smile.

Life Supernal

Where are those erstwhile sires of days ago,
With gray-haired mothers whom I loved so dear—
Who felt the night, the day, the sunset glow,
Then meteor-like vanished from me here?
E'en father, mother, friends, both old and young,
Who lived as I live, felt life's real song;
Came then their day—their requiem was sung,
While I remain to sense that they are gone.

Are we quite sure our faith is founded well?
These years of aspirations, hope and all
That those now gone yet live. What tongue can tell
That there shall be a future life at all?
Experience adds but little to our quest;
These human heart-throbs, trials, grief and pain
That inspire our deep sympathy and zest
Give little proof that men shall live again.

An individual can I yet be,
Or shall "Nirvana" be my awful fate?
"Life's light blown out," shall this yet come to me?
Shall grim death end it all in this estate?
Can Christian hope be vague delusion here,
That claims immortal life at any cost?
Does life exist when men pass from this sphere?
Is resurrection tangible at most?

Keen is my soul to sense that here, today,
E'en though I doubt or live in faith and prayer,
That I am nearer now than yesterday,
To going where my sires have gone—SOMEWHERE.
That I shall cease to feel the dawn—the glow,
And those who love me shed a passing tear,
Yet in my soul am I sure that I know,
That I shall live when I am gone from here?

Sweet intuition, innate in my soul,
Impels the truth despite all doubt and pain,
That life is one sublime, majestic whole,
And death a birth. I shall yet live again
To sense the hand-shake of those friends of yore—
E'en father, mother, kindred ones now gone,
Through resurrection, are real as before.
This, then, my goal. I know I shall live on!

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF MORMON

BY J. M. SJODAHL

I.

THE PLATES—THE CHARACTERS

On September 22, 1827, the original plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated were delivered to the Prophet Joseph Smith by the angel Moroni, the resurrected messenger from God, who had charge of that marvelous literary work.

The Plates. Those plates had the appearance of gold, and are, therefore, generally called "the golden plates." They were about eight inches in length and seven in width. Fastened together with three rings, they formed a volume about four inches thick. Each plate was somewhat thinner than "common tin."

Number and Weight of the Plates. Some critics of the Book of Mormon have asserted that the dimensions of the plates and the thickness of the volume, as given, do not allow for a sufficient number of plates to contain the entire text of the book; and that a sufficient number of such gold plates of the dimensions and thickness given would be too heavy for any man to handle.

The Rev. M. T. Lamb, for instance, in his *The Golden Bible*, comes to the conclusion that the plates the Prophet Joseph had could, on the most liberal estimate possible, contain only from one-third to one-eighth of the text printed in the English version.

He accepts the statement that the volume was 7x8 inches and four inches thick. Then he allows fifty plates to an inch, making two hundred plates in all. But, he says, the Prophet did not translate more than one-third of that number, the rest being sealed. That is, he translated only 66 or 67 of the 200 plates. But the text in the American edition covers 563 pages, and at least an equal number of pages would have been required for the Hebrew or Egyptian text. Consequently, he says, it is impossible that the Book of Mormon could have been translated from the plates Joseph had, and he infers that the Prophet did not have any plates at all.

Others have asserted that if the Prophet had a volume, such as that claimed to have been in his possession, it would have weighed about five hundred pounds, or more, and, consequently, been too unwieldy to carry and handle, as represented. The inference again is, of course, that the prophet did not have any plates.

1. What are the facts, as far as known, concerning the size and number of the plates?

David Whitmer, in an interview in the *Kansas City Journal*, said of the plates shortly before his death:

"They appeared to be of gold, about six by nine inches in size, about

as thick as parchment, a great many in number, and bound together like the leaves of a book by massive rings passing through the edges."^a

Martin Harris, according to *Myth of the Manuscript Found*,^b estimated the plates at eight by seven inches, and the thickness of the volume at four inches, each plate being as thick as thick tin.

Orson Pratt did not see the plates himself, but his intimacy with the Prophet and the other eye witnesses lends great weight to his testimony regarding any question of fact on which he speaks. He tells us that the plates were eight by seven inches, and that the entire volume was about six inches in thickness, while each plate was about as thick as common tin.

Such are the statements that have come down to us regarding the dimensions of the plates. The variations are really slight, and easily accounted for. No measurements were taken at the time the plates were seen. The measurements given are but estimates made many years afterwards, in answer to questions pressed upon them in the course of what amounted almost to cross examination. The witnesses give, therefore, their individual estimates and nothing more. And the essential agreement and the slight variations both are strong presumptive evidence of the truth of the testimony, the variations confirming the statements by proving absence of collusion.

The question now is, Could one-third of a volume^c of metal leaves 8x7x4 inches (Martin Harris), or 8x7x6 inches (Orson Pratt), contain a sufficient number of plates, each as thick as parchment or tin, to yield the necessary space for the entire text of the Book of Mormon, in the original language in which it was engraved?

The illustration which appeared in the April, 1923, number of the *Improvement Era*, pages 542 and 543, is a complete answer to that question.

It is a facsimile of a sheet of paper, 8x7 inches, upon which a Hebrew translation of fourteen pages of the American text of the Book of Mormon have been written in the modern square, Hebrew letters in common use. The translation was made by Mr. Henry Miller, a Hebrew by birth, thoroughly versed in the language of his fathers, and a member of the Church. On this sheet he has demonstrated that the entire text of the Book of Mormon, as the American readers have it, could have been written in Hebrew on 40 and a fraction pages—21 plates in all, 8x7 inches.

The accompanying illustration is equally striking. It is a reproduction of a translation of seven pages of the American text of the Book of Mormon, also by Brother Miller, but written in the Phonician or old Israelitic characters, which were in use at the time of Lehi. It proves that even if written in these larger characters, the entire book required only 80 and a fraction pages—41 plates in all.

^aThis is quoted from *The Prophet of Palmyra*, and may or may not be authentic.

^bAn excellent little book by George Reynolds.

^cTwo-thirds being sealed.

volume was four inches thick, one-third, or even one-fourth—fifty plates—would furnish ample space for the entire text engraved in large, legible characters.^e

2. What are the facts as to the weight of such a volume?

Thirty-five twenty-dollar gold pieces would about cover a surface 8x7 inches. To make a column four inches high, forty-eight such pieces would be needed. Consequently, 35 times 48 twenty-dollar gold pieces, or 1,680 in all, would make up the dimensions of the entire volume, 8x7x4 inches. But a twenty-dollar gold piece weighs, as I am informed, 21½ pennyweights. That would make a total of 123 pounds avoirdupois, if my figures are correct.

But from this total liberal deductions must be made. The plates were not fine gold. The plates of Nephi were made of "ore," and Moroni also mentions "ore" as the material of which his plates were made (1 Nephi 19:1; Morm. 8:5.). The ore—possibly a copper alloy—must have had considerably less weight than the 23-karat gold of which gold coins are made. Then, again, we cannot suppose that the plates fitted so closely together as gold coins stacked in columns. There must have been some space between each pair, especially if, as is possible, they were hammered^f and not cast. Furthermore, an allowance must be made for the metal cut away by the engraver from both sides of each plate. Everything considered, the volume must have weighed considerably less than a hundred pounds, even on the supposition that the dimensions given are accurate and not mere approximations.

But since it has been shown that the entire text could have been engraved on 45 plates, let us suppose that it was not quite four inches in thickness, and that it contained, including the 2/3 sealed part, 135, instead of 200 plates; then the weight would be a fraction over 83 pounds, and with the deductions required not over 50 pounds. The Prophet Joseph could easily have handled a volume of that weight.

But is it absolutely certain that he had charge of the entire volume? The three witnesses were shown the volume, not by Joseph Smith but by an angel from heaven, and they so testify. The eight witnesses, to whom the Prophet Joseph showed the record, testify thus: "As many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated we did handle with our hands; and we also saw the engravings thereon." A natural inference from this would be that the Prophet did not show them the sealed part. Orson Pratt says:

"You recollect that when the Book of Mormon was translated from

^eThe first edition of the Book of Mormon has 590 pages, 12:mo. The first European edition, Liverpool, 1841, reprinted from the second American edition, has 634 pages. The third American edition printed in Nauvoo, 1840, has 571 pages; the second European edition, Liverpool, 1849, has 563 pages. The American edition of 1912 has 522 pages.

^fComp. Ex. 39:3: "And they did beat the gold into thin plates."

the plates, about two-thirds were sealed up, and Joseph was commanded not to break the seal; that part of the record was hid up."^g

If this means that the sealed part was hidden somewhere while the translation of the other part was in progress, and if Orson Pratt was correctly informed on that point, then the Prophet Joseph had charge only of the unsealed part, which he translated and which he showed the eight witnesses. There can, then, be no question whatever of the enormous weight of the plates. The record which Joseph had in his possession was not heavier than he, who was unusually strong, physically as well as mentally, could lift and handle as required.^h

Similar Objections to the Bible. At one time similar objections were urged against the Old Testament description of the furniture in the Tabernacle. Moses tells us that Bezaleel made an ark, or box, of wood, in which the Law was deposited. It was overlaid, we read, with pure gold "within and without." The cover of this box was a lid of pure gold (Ex. 25:17; 37:6), $2\frac{1}{2}$ cubits long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cubits wide. That is, it was an immense gold plate, 4 feet 3 inches by 2 feet 7 inches, or about 11 square feet. On this lid two cherubs were placed, one at each end. These figures were hammered of pure gold. Their wings overshadowed the lid and must, consequently, have been of considerable size. The box, we are told, was carried by priests before the camp of Israel during the wanderings in the wilderness. Some critics used to say that this was impossible. The box, the solid gold lid, the gold statues, the stone tables, all formed a burden too heavy to handle without machinery. But that kind of criticism is obsolete, whether applied to the Bible or the Book of Mormon.

Metal Plates not Unknown Anciently. Greeks and Romans anciently used ivory tablets, and, more frequently, wooden tablets, beech or fir. These were sometimes coated over with wax, and the record was made with a sharp instrument called stylus. Two or more such tablets might be joined together by means of wire rings, as were the Book of Mormon plates. Parchment made of skins of animals was a favorite material for important records, and vellum, or calf skin, was common in early days. Papyrus was in common use, especially among the Romans, until toward the end of the 9th century, paper made from the cotton plant was substituted. But engraving on metal plates was also known anciently. In Ex. 39:39 we read that the High Priest wore a gold plate on his crown, on which certain words were engraved, and Jeremiah has this notable expression: "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond: it is graven upon the table of their hearts." (Jer. 17:1.) That proves beyond a question that the Israelites in the days of Jeremiah were acquainted with the art of

^g*Jour. of Dis.*, vol. 3, p. 347.

^h*History of the Prophet Joseph*, by Lucy Smith, pp. 85 and 105. The incident told must have been related by the Prophet himself.

making records by means of engraving on tablets of some hard substance, since otherwise the words, "table of their hearts," would have been unintelligible. In this connection it can be mentioned that the newspapers on Feb. 21, 1927, reported that copper plates had been found in Georgia, near the Etowah mound, by Dr. Warren K. Moorehead, of Andover, Mass.

Partly Sealed. As noted in a previous paragraph, part of the volume was sealed and inaccessible to the translator. Orson Prattⁱ says two-thirds. That part, we are told, contained an account of those great things which were shown to the brother of Jared (Ether 3:25-38), and also the revelations given to John, the beloved, on Patmos.^j The promise is given that "When the people of the Lord are prepared and found worthy, the sealed portion will be unfolded unto them."

In My Play

Not as I labor from sun to sun,
To finish the tasks of the day begun,
Not as I toil for a daily wage,
In a round of years, from youth to age;

Not as you watch my constancy,
Shall you be the judge of the best of me,
For my work, designed and circumscribed,
Is planned for me and paid and bribed.

Be it crude or skilled or commonplace,
To a ticking clock I set my pace,
And my loyalty may be servitude,
As I bend my arts to a livelihood.

It is my play, in my leisure hours,
That I burst my bands and divert my powers;
It is there that I enter false or true,
To match my good or my bad with you;

It is there that I score for pride or shame,
As I tally square or foul the game,
My best, my worst is released and free,
And I play debased or gloriously!

Mesa, Arizona.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

ⁱ*Jour. of Dis.*, vol. 3, p. 347.

^jLetter by Oliver Cowdrey to *Messenger and Advocate*, Feb., 1835: *Millennial Star*, vol. 1, p. 44.



Photo by Frank Beckwith

Cove Fort, Erected by Ira Nathaniel Hinckley, in 1867

HISTORIC OLD COVE FORT

BY FRANK BECKWITH

The old ever gives way to the new. Cherished landmarks of any region, one by one, are replaced or changed by the onward march of progress—and not always by way of betterment. Even though sentiment lingers about a spot as ivy clings to an old English ruin, the ruthless new strips away those endearing remembrances, and the spirit of commercialism supplants the tender recollections of the past.

Historic "Old Cove Fort" is now a "Dude Ranch!"

Alongside those ancient walls is now a gas station, a hideous thing of galvanized iron, and stalls to display wares for the camper. Nailed upon the very stones (that but for them would breathe a spirit of deepest sentiment) are now gaudy road signs, screeching with raucous voice a message to the autoist. A huge sign tells you it is a "Camping Station." But, you have to hunt, in neglect, in weathered paint growing dim, to find the words which bring into being every fondest remembrance of the place—"Old Cove Fort."

AS IT WAS

The photo shows the historic old place several years ago, before it became commercialized. It was taken just before the streams of autos began coming down Zion Park Highway; it was then near to what it was in the years of a generation ago. No gas station then disfigured it; no hawkster rent the air with a cry of his wares, informing the speeding tourist to "load 'er up—gas an' oil. Place to camp overnight."

How different is that from the salutation of old. Then there was a breath of welcome in the hospitality; then the freedom of the plains rang in the friendly salutation.

ONE SHOULD LINGER

The first visit I made to Old Cove Fort, I arrived late at night,

nearly midnight. It was cold and raw, and a chilly wind wafted down the canyon from the snow-laden peaks of Mt. Belnap, for it was in October, and the moaning of the wind presaged Winter. There was none to welcome me. All was still. The quiet was most peaceful—soothing to the nerves that had watched the road for long, dreary hours. I made my bed behind a big iron sign which told the traveler the way to Bryce Canyon. I was to pass and re-pass that sign many times in the Summers to come;—but that night it served me well as a wind-break, and my slumbers were unbroken till morn.

Another time I came back in the early afternoon.

That day I had ample leisure. What a fine, wholesome, quiet air the old place had! I unlimbered my camera to take a view of the historic old spot in its quiet repose and rustic simplicity. There



Photo by Frank Beckwith

Showing the ample gateway with the huge timbers still in place on which were hung the massive gates, eight inches thick. The homey scene which gives sentiment to the historic old spot.

was a wash on the line within, a peep of which I had through the open doorway, lending it a really homey background. And better yet, just when I was about to press the release, two innocent little lambs, just learning the use of those wobbly legs of theirs, emerged timidly through the big portal.

What a contrast to a scene of rushing, painted, whooping, yelling braves against closed doors!

'Twas a long cry indeed from the domestic scene of a quiet afternoon, on wash day, with two innocent little lambs emerging

through a gate designed to lock out a horde of savage reds, to a scene of hasty flight within those walls, a huddling of little ones at a mother's side—of men mounting the wall and cruel tubes of steel soon to spurt death into the foe!

Yes, a severe task on the imagination. For the very purpose for which the old fort was built was never realized. There never was an attack made on it, no hasty retreat within, no menace of guns through the port holes.

And yet, should a critic say, "Your picture is spoiled by the wash hanging on the line within, and you shouldn't have gotten the two little lambs in it," I should tell that critic that sentiment had atrophied in his being—that to me the picture is enhanced by those very elements.

Today, how different! The last time I visited the old place, a fruit and vegetable stand stood close to the open doorway; a big red, conspicuous gas pump flanked the other side. A shed with corrugated-iron roof was leaned against the walls. Stalls for the display of road repair articles bade for attention. And above it all, a big sign howled a message tinged with commercialism.

Then I didn't linger. Merely the needs of the road, was all! But when I took the first picture, to linger was a pleasure; how nice it was on those visits to ask the lady of the house for a drink, merely to make entry into conversation, which always brought out the polite response, and before one was aware of it, a lively conversation was in progress.

"When was the old fort built?"

"In 1867," she answered; "it was erected by Ira Nathaniel Hinckley, acting under orders from President Brigham Young, as a protection against the Indians."

"Was there ever a massacre here, or actual fighting?" I questioned, eager to get a story, and hoping to be filled to overflowing with harrowing details, attack and repulse.

"No, not that I ever knew of. No hostilities have ever been told me."

Disappointed in that! I listened, however, with interest to her recital that the place was used for years as a stage station in the long ago; also that boy riders carried mail from Beaver to Fillmore, stopping there for change of mount. And then I recalled that my late friend, Nelson S. Bishop, now dead several years, had told me that he rode that stretch himself; that once (he was then a lad of only eleven) he was met by five mounted braves, who stopped his horse, surrounded him, and while several sat on guard, one dismounted and examined him, his horse, and saddle bags. 'The thoroughly alarmed boy was greatly relieved when they let him ride on. The incident burned deeply into his impressionable mind.

A. A. HINCKLEY'S BIRTHPLACE

One day last fall, President A. A. Hinckley came into my office,

and, in glancing over the pictures which hang on the walls, exclaimed: "Why there's dear Old Cove Fort!—the place where I was born!"

I insisted on the promise of a letter, and soon there came into my hands details of the historic old spot, so full of fond recollections to him. That letter read:

"My father, Ira Nathaniel Hinckley, supervised the building of the fort, acting under appointment from Brigham Young. It was considered a place of complete safety from any molestation from the Indians. The huge gates, eight inches thick, and studded with steel nails to hold the wood in place, were closed each night. What a feeling of protection my father and his family felt behind those massive walls and those strongly barred portals!

"We lived there for years. It was our 'home.' With special pride my father used to make it pleasant for any chance traveler. Those were the days of genuine hospitality. Historic Old Cove Fort lives in my memory, not as a fort, but as a home.

"No, Mr. Beckwith, it was not attacked by Indians. Its grim walls, those threatening port holes, the sense of absolute security which those solid rock walls and those heavy gates gave, no doubt, deterred the Indians from ever attempting an attack. But that is not all. Acting under the wise instruction of Brigham Young, my father faithfully carried out in rigorous exactitude that policy early laid down, 'Feed the Indian rather than fight him.' That was the greater reason why there was no attack. For always we maintained the most friendly relations with our red brother.

"Sweet memories of my childhood cling to that spot. 'Twas there I was reared under the watchful care of a noble mother, and the influence of the example of a wonderful father. Every morning and evening, no matter how many strangers were within those gates, my father took the entire family across the open space to one of those well-kept rooms, and there they all knelt in humble family prayer.

"One time I was thrilled. Many preparations were being busily worked upon. All was bustle and activity within the fort and home. President Brigham Young and his party were to be received by my father in Old Cove Fort! How well do I remember that wonderful, inspired leader of men! And he a guest at my father's house—in the home which won the name, historic Old Cove Fort!—the edifice to which my earliest and fondest recollections are attached."

"Perhaps," continues President Hinckley in that letter, "you would be interested in some of the details my father wrote to President George A. Smith in an official communication of the long ago: 'The fort is built of volcanic rock, laid up in lime mortar. The walls are one hundred feet square outside, three feet thick at the bottom, tapering to eighteen inches at the top, and eighteen feet high. There were ten rooms within the enclosure. Facing the east is a gateway fourteen feet square. Opposite this is a small gateway on the west side, eight by four feet. Huge gates, eight inches thick, are slung on big, serviceable hinges. Above the rooms a runway is built behind the walls,

with convenient port holes; behind the protection of those ample walls, the defenders, could protrude their guns through the port holes and sweep every angle of approach to the fort, from their commanding point of vantage. The roof is covered with shaved shingles.' "

Shaved shingles! Another lost art!

How different are those hand-shaved shingles from the present-day output of an unthinking machine. Into that old historic building went men's life-blood. Personality was expressed in each chipped stone. In each hewn timber was embodied an output of character. And each of those shingles was shaved by hand!

It is with ample reason that old timers draw up slowly in front of the fort now, and try to pierce with penetrating gaze beyond and through the hard, repelling iron that hides history, to espy within the mind's eye the scene of a family on its bended knees! Of a group listening with rapture to the sonorous voice of the greatest leader Utah has ever known! Or to see, disclosed within, that plebeian,—that humble evidence of a home—a wash upon the line.

Possibly instead of an innocent little lamb emerging through the gate, a flapper in knickers and half hose precedes a mechanic to pilot him to the car that needs the little tinkering he is asked to give.

No, the old gives way to the new! Gone into a vanishing past is all the old sentiment, the rich, tingling, vibrant recollections of the days that were. Hominess, the clinging of sentiment to walls, are now profaned by growths upon its sides. A huge, red blister marks a gas tank. Where holiness bespoke from an archway, now a road-sign advertisement clamors for attention.

Save as permanent record is made in photo and type of this old historic spot, its history no longer clings to the old stones. A *new* message has supplanted the former, tender sentiments—but not a *better* message.

Old Cove Fort of the past, sanctified with the presence of the great, mellowed with the charm of home, softened with the influence of "family prayer,"—the Old Cove Fort of a day and time long since gone, speaks no more from stone and doorway; but raucous signs cry aloud the message of commercialism from its sides. The old exists only in the mind's eyes.

The camera caught the transition period—at a time when the old stones were unprofaned; before additions of the spirit of gain in trade cried from them. And yet, neither camera nor pen can catch and fix the spirit of the place. We may try. We may feebly revive, in part measure, thoughts long buried in the stress of affairs,—but who can depict the flood of association which wells in the heart of President A. A. Hinckley, as he drives to that spot, and sees the old birthplace, the "home" which received Brigham Young—Old Cove Fort?

Delta, Utah.

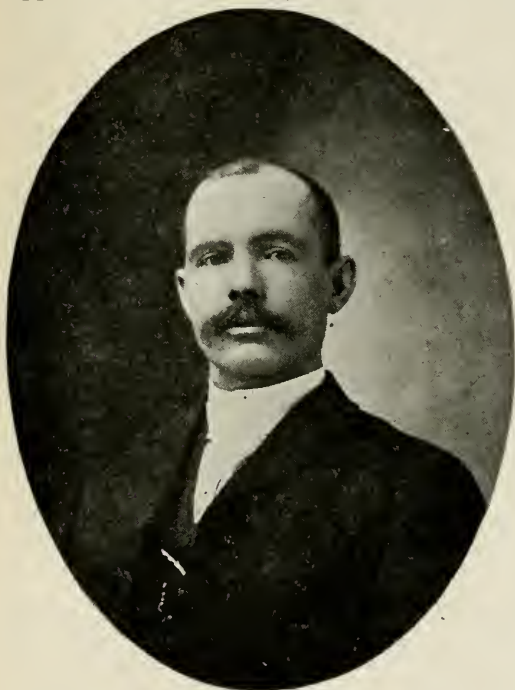
WESTERNERS IN ACTION

John M. Baxter

BY PETER MCKINNON

The president of the Woodruff stake of Zion, oldest in service of the stake presidents, was born in Salt Lake City, June 3, 1859, the son of Robert Baxter and Jane McKinnon.

When twelve years of age, he moved with his mother and uncle, Archibald McKinnon, to Randolph, Rich county, Utah. Archibald had been called by President Young to assist in the colonization of the upper Bear River Valley. Here in his youth and early manhood,



he was inured to the hardships and privations incident to the development of a new country, being prominently identified with all the problems and projects tending to the material and spiritual wellbeing of the people. In this environment, his natural inherent qualities developed into a strong character, which fitted him for the leader he was destined to become in later life. On May 8, 1878, he married Miss Agnes Smith; and on April 8, 1888, he left on a mission to the Southern States, laboring later principally in Mississippi and Alabama, and re-

turning home March 25, 1890. He was called in September of that same year to the office of bishop of Woodruff ward, and was ordained and set apart by president Wm. Budge of the Bear Lake stake. In this capacity he labored until the organization of the Woodruff stake, June 6, 1898, when he was appointed president of the stake and was set apart by Elder John Henry Smith.

Elder Baxter's missionary labors in the South were characterized by extreme hardships, persecution and mobbings. At that time anti-

"Mormon" agitation was everywhere rampant and probably nowhere more pronounced than in the South. On numerous occasions this humble elder was compelled to stay out in the malarial swamps of Mississippi for days at a time to avoid the evil designs of angry mobs, and on several occasions, except for the over-ruling hand of Providence, would have met death at their hands.

In July, 1926, the Woodruff stake was divided, the eastern portion being organized as the Lyman stake. Before this division, in order to make a tour of the wards, the presidency and other stake officers were required to travel about five hundred miles, and prior to the day of the automobile the major portion of this distance was covered by team, requiring about ten days' time for each visit.

With this humble servant of God, there is no such word as "falter." His life's ministry has been inspired by the spirit of love, implicit faith in God, integrity, meekness, loyalty to the Priesthood, and unbounded devotion to duty. In this ministry the great injunction of the Redeemer of the world has been manifestly exemplified, "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. * * * * This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you."

President Baxter is the senior stake president of the Church. On June 6, of the present year, he will have rendered twenty-nine years of faithful service; longer than any other living president.

Ogden, Utah.

A Busy Laborer

Patriarch Levi J. Taylor, working in the Salt Lake temple, has ordained 1167, helped to baptize and confirm 10,337 and has been endowed for 114. He has helped 600 companies through the temple, and has been absent but two days since his ordination, November 22, 1922, though he lives forty miles from the temple.

During the Summer vacation, 1926, he attended three reunions of his family, one in Idaho, one in his home town and one in Southern Utah. Nearly one thousand were in attendance; the subjects discussed were Genealogy and Temple Work.

As Patriarch in North Weber stake, he gave forty-five blessings in 1926.

ATHLETICS IN OUR HIGH SCHOOLS

BY J. R. TIPPETTS, SUPERINTENDENT MORGAN COUNTY
SCHOOL DISTRICT

A visitor at one of our competitive athletic games, as carried out among the high schools of the state, cannot but be struck with the intense enthusiasm that pervades the very atmosphere of the engagement. The student bodies of the contending teams with their fluttering banners and streamers, their bands in gay costumes aligned on either side of the building, the phenomenal audience of old as well as young that crowd every inch of seating and standing space within and often extend far out into the corridors, no matter how generous the proportions of the building, the howling, cheering mass that breaks forth as the teams appear for combat, give a setting most spectacular, and one is to be forgiven if in one's unguarded enthusiasm one unconsciously feels that the end of the world is about at hand.

For ages past scenes of this kind have been witnessed in particular parts of the world, but never in the life of humanity has there been a time when all the people of a state, old and young, rich and poor, rural and urban, have been so deeply interested and emotionally stirred by competitive athletic games as are those of the present age. Through their close affiliation with the local high schools, each and every family feels the thrill of this excitement, and for months at a time the conversation at local clubs, at meal time, on the street corner, in the office, is dominated by the common chatter relative to contending games and teams.

It is not uncommon among high schools to put all the resources of the district behind a contending team; to travel unheard-of distances over mountain roads and snows, taking large truck loads of students, bands, school board members, faculty and townspeople into the enemy's camp, solely for the purpose of winning a game. The games have become so popular that hundreds of dollars are collected as gate receipts and many more hundreds spent in reaching the game. So important has this phase of school life become that a highly specialized and expertly administrated organization for the control and promotion of the enterprise has been set up in the state. The thing has become so popular that in the minds of the public the efficiency of the school is measured solely by its athletic prowess.

Has the enterprise succeeded? Indeed it has, and there are many in the state who will say that it has succeeded all too well, and who would gladly begin limiting this display of energy were it possible to do so. All administrators of school affairs agree that there is danger of a warped community ideal of school efficiency, and are hopeful that some agency will arise that can restore a sane balance of affairs.

Here, as in other cases of public enterprises, the school patrons

are the final judge and are the agencies that can cast the deciding vote. While the people as a whole have had little to say with the introduction of athletics in school, they have had a great deal to say about their increasing popularity. When the eyes of a community are fixed upon the success or failure of an activity governed by public officers, it is only reasonable to expect that those officials will give the public what it wants.

As long as athletics stands out in the eyes of the public, until it is the chief interest of conversation on all corners and on all occasions, we can expect a catering group of officials. The history of politics teaches us to expect this.

It is well, and many think it is now time, for the patrons of our schools to be cautious in their enthusiasm regarding athletics; not that we want less athletics, but that we may have more of something else. When a student makes application to the University of Utah, or the Agricultural College, or the Brigham Young University, these schools do not ask what was the standing of your school in athletics, but rather the student's rating in mathematics, English, and the social sciences, and set up very definite standards of attainment in them; so much so that recently $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the enrollment of one of these schools were recently dismissed from registration or put on probation, due to lack of efficient work.

The people at home must remember that it is within their power so to warp the curriculum of their high school by lavish display of enthusiasm toward any one department as seriously to effect the caliber of work in other, more essential departments. The public must ask itself, "Is my support placed in the most vital spot?"

School people appreciate the enthusiasm of the public toward school work in any capacity. They agree that it is better to bring the public to its feet in support of a ball game, rather than not bring it to its feet at all, and would not have it interpreted that they wish to belittle athletics. Conversely, they are proud of and are aware of the great virtues in it. What we wish to avoid is a one-sided emphasis that may in the end so twist our desires as to make us deaf to more worthy ideals in school work. Athletics at its best should be only a corollary to school work. If we make it more than this, and this at the expense of more fundamental work, then indeed we have weakened our system and have at the same time demonstrated a weakness in discerning relative values.

Morgan, Utah

Thank God for a Summer morning with its roseate robes of sunrise; its quiet fields of green; its softly murmuring streams; its diamonds of dew; its fantastic shadows on the grass; its nodding flowers; its soft croons among woodland nooks; its waving ferns; its thousands of orisons from feathered throats; its hum of busy bees; its millions of echoes from far and near. Yet, thank God for eyes that see, for ears that hear, for an understanding that appreciates, and for a soul that revels in nature and the wonderful handiwork of the Master of all things.—DOROTHY C. RETSLOFF.

BY LAMONT JOHNSON

Buck Harris, district ranger of the Star Point national forest, swung easily out of his saddle in front of the Rock River village post-office. The several stockmen and ranchers assembled there were one cause of his stop and a letter in his hand was the other.

"Hello," he called, and the men responded with friendly greeting.

"Just got down from the mountains?" one of them queried, and the ranger nodded.

"How's the stock doin'?" asked another of the group, for the cattlemen in Rock River Valley ranged their herds during the summer months on Star Point national forest. Because of this, they and the ranger had interests in common in regard to livestock and grazing conditions.

"Most of them are doin' fine," answered the ranger. "Nearly everything is fat this season except a few old cows; they are not doing so well. Say, Frank," he added, addressing one of the men, "I found a yearling heifer of yours yesterday on Butte Ridge partly eaten up. I guess it's that lion that's been raising Ned on the range all summer."

"Well, that's the second one we've heard about this week," declared Finley, owner of one of the largest cattle herds in the valley. "Joe Barton found one of mine the other day just above Butte Ridge and two more half-eaten carcasses were found last week near Star Point."

"Something's got to be done about it right away," asserted Frank Gillis, owner of the yearling. The forest service or the government ought to take a hand in that. It's Old Monarch and that son-of-a-gun has killed five hundred dollars worth of cattle already this summer. We can't stand that much longer."

"You won't have to," the ranger assured him. "The U. S. biological department takes care of predatory animals. I'm sending a letter right now asking them to send a lion hunter out here. With a pair of good hounds, he'll soon put an end to the cattle-killer."

Four days later the lion hunter arrived with two very officious-looking fox hounds. He remained in Rock River the night of his arrival and set out in the afternoon of the following day for the cattle range on Star Point forest.

With him went two young Rock River hunters, Brown and Richards, by name, who had offered their services free, acting as guides to the professional hunter, regularly employed by the government. His name was Caffey, and he accepted their company willingly.

"We'll take up the scent where the last animal was killed," he announced to his companions. "If that was only five days back we can easily follow the lion. It should not take us more than several days unless he's been scared off this part of the forest."

They made camp in a convenient place on Star Point that evening and early the following morning the lion hunt began.

It was late October and the aromatic odor of pines scented the quiet, hazy atmosphere. Indian-summer weather prevailed and even the forest creatures, roving unobserved and unmolested through the woods, seemed to revel in the delightful environment of the mountain world.

For the last several years, cattlemen of Rock River Valley and sheepmen of neighboring districts adjoining the Star Point forest had complained of cattle-killing lions. Old Monarch was known to be the chief marauder for, while others of his breed had been trapped or killed without much difficulty, this wary old desperado had successfully outwitted all human ingenuity exercised in an effort to end his annoying and predacious practices. And the cattle-killing continued.

Old Monarch had permitted himself to be seen many times, but an attempted near approach by the observer was sufficient to drive him to cover. The cautious old beast braved the charge of cowardice by thus frustrating all efforts to end his licentious career.

By his long resistance of such attempts, Old Monarch had come to be considered the prize object of hunters and trappers working on the Star Point forest. To possess his pelt was enviously aspired by every sportsman in the valley. And the longer he withstood capture the more desirable became that pelt.

Caffey, Brown and Richards set out from camp with the barest equipment necessary for the prospective several days' hunt. They realized it would be a continuous ride, once the hounds got the scent. Through the morning and until high noon they followed the winding trail up gently sloping mountain sides and through canyons heavy with trees and underbrush.

Shortly after mid-day they reached the scene of the last killing made by the lion. Emerging from a clump of pines and spruce, the three men came upon the half-eaten carcass of Frank Gillis' heifer.

They carefully examined conditions surrounding the animal in an effort to determine the lion's methods. The dead body lay near a tall pine tree which bore evidence of having been the hiding place of the great feline.

Caffey pointed out numerous claw marks on the trunk.

"The cattle-killer usually gets in such a place as this," he said to his young companions. "The lion is a cunning beast and chooses the quickest and best opportunity for making a kill."

"Just as I expected!" exclaimed Brown, examining the tracks of the marauder. "It's Old Monarch. Look here," he shouted to the others, "there's one claw missing from the old king's right hind foot. He lost that in my trap three years ago!"

The slight depression between the deeper marks of the other claws in the soft mountain soil plainly revealed that one was missing from the lion's foot. It identified, without a doubt, the killer of Frank Gillis' heifer.

And because it was Old Monarch, the two young hunters thrilled in anticipation of soon running down the proud king of the woods. Even Caffey, with years of lion-killing experience behind him, livened with interest in the prospect of conquering the beast that had so long ruled the range in haughty resistance to every effort planned for his capture.

"It's a shame, anyway," Richards declared, regarding the slaughtered animal. "See what's been wasted. It's not half-eaten, and that's a beauty of a heifer."

"A cattle-killing lion usually eats enough to last several days," said Caffey. "In all my experience hunting lions I have never found evidence of one returning to eat from an animal previously killed. They always take a fresh one and of course the lion may be many miles from where the last animal was killed. They can travel a long distance in one day; but in the meantime they'll eat lots of rabbits."

The hounds were circling about the carcass, catching the scent. At a word from Caffey, when all was in readiness for the chase, they set off in a northerwesterly direction which was opposite from Rock River.

The lion had followed a haphazard course, alternating in a tediously irregular way from the direction in which it first started. Its tracks indicated also that it had adopted various gaits, some parts of the trail showing that the beast had taken long loping strides at a rate that would carry it far in a short time.

Others of the lion's foot-prints revealed that it had ambled leisurely along, without evident object or purpose. Occasionally the hunters came to a tree where it had rested on a limb, very likely watching the cattle grazing about, though there were no traces of further killing or molestation.

The lion's journeying trail led the three hunters over an exceedingly circuitous and intertwining route. The beast seemed to have possessed unlimited resource of energy, for its tracks extended over high ridges, part way down and up again, frequently circling back through deep forested canyons and across rocky elevations in a difficult and tantalizing manner.

While Caffey and his companions found frequent opportunity to take cut-offs in following the hounds, they were required to pursue much of the round-a-bout way the lion had traveled.

For three days the chase led on, the constantly increasing freshness of the tracks indicating that it was reaching its end. Late each evening the hounds were called back for the night's camping, but early morning found the lion hunters again in eager pursuit.

As the three closed in on their game, as they knew they were doing, the excitement of young Brown and Richards grew intense. Realizing that the monarch of Star Point forest was about to meet his doom, their ambition of several years crystalized into an enthusiasm that was only expressed by the highly alert and eager manner of their pursuit. Their jaded horses were urged faster in the chase and the utter quietness of the mountain world seemed to express regret of the imminent finish of Old Monarch's career.

On the evening of the third day, the tracks bore evidence of having been made within the last few hours. They crossed and recrossed themselves an amazing number of times. The excitement of the young Rock River hunters, who were out mainly for experience, grew constantly more intense as the tireless foxhounds bore resistlessly down on their game.

"Gee!" cried Richards, "Talk about Chinese puzzles! If this was night it would beat a heathen dungeon all hollow."

"Or," Brown laughed, "if we could follow this at high speed, I fancy diving in an airplane five thousand feet up would have nothing on it for dizziness."

As the night shades drew heavily down, the hounds showed greater eagerness in following the trail. Caffey, too, was anxious to wind up the chase, reluctant to extend it into another day as all signs proved that old Monarch was nearly run down.

But the heavy darkness finally forced them to halt for another night's camping. The gray-colored hounds could not be seen and to shoot would be dangerous and highly ineffective.

"We shall finish Mr. Lion in the morning," said Caffey, as they set up sleeping quarters and prepared supper. "Unless he gets one to-night, he has killed his last beef. But his tracks today seem to show that he has been stalking something and very likely he is in the mood for another attack. Three days is long enough to develop a real lion's appetite, after feeding on small rodents that long."

There was no more than a hint of dawn the next morning when the hunters crawled out of their blankets. On an ordinary trip they would have lain in longer. The crisp October air penetrated with a shivering intensity and the autumn dew glittered like frost. As the three pulled on their clothes, their teeth chattered comically and their skin was goose-flesh.

"I c-c-an't l-light this m-m-match," stuttered young Brown as he knelt shivering over a pile of dry twigs.

All three laughed heartily at his vocal awkwardness, but the others were no better off when they essayed to talk. A few vigorous jumps and arm-beatings started the warm blood to circulating and their eager anticipation of running down the lion within the next several hours helped considerably toward overcoming the cold discomfort of the frosty morning.

As soon as the hounds were released, they bounded off to pick up the lion scent and the hunters were thoroughly alert for the moment of discovering the renegade King of Beasts.

They had not ridden an hour before they overtook the object of the chase. After pursuing a direct and unfaltering line of tracks a considerable distance, the hounds were led off again in a confusing and uncertain crossing and re-crossing of the lion's trail.

It had evidently been scouting about the previous night in an effort to locate prey. For the tracks finally led to a heavily branching spruce tree and the hounds set up a howl of discovery. On one of the lower branches, about ten feet high, crouched the lion, Old Monarch

himself, patiently awaiting the near approach of a young cow or calf, a number of which were grazing close by.

It was quick work that followed. Necessarily so, as Old Monarch, put suddenly at bay, and crouching for a leap, drew himself in close to the branch which was shivering with his weight.

But as his steely muscles loosened for the spring, one shot from Caffey's rifle settled the issue, and the King of Beasts thudded heavily to the ground.

The three hunters stood watching the fallen monarch as he twitched and twisted in the clutches of death. Then he was no more. For a moment they looked at the old king of the woods; a moment of silent admiration for the spectacular nature of his career.

"How many does that make you?" young Brown asked with sudden curiosity, and the veteran lion hunter readily answered, as if he had just privately registered the number, "five hundred."

"Whew!" ejaculated Brown.

"Gee" cried Richards in the same breath. They regarded Caffey with increased wonder. Five hundred lions!

"Well, the old fellow had some distinction—topping such a list as that," said Richards admiringly, to which his young friend added, "Old Monarch always had distinction."

"Fourteen years," Caffey ruminated smilingly. "I've been in this business that long." He added quietly: "Each one gives me a thrill in knowing I've got my game, yet it's become quite a commonplace experience—like hitting a bull's-eye after a lot of practice."

"But Old Monarch is not the same bull's-eye," Brown insisted. "He has out-witted a good many hunters. It's worth while to capture one like him." And Caffey seemed satisfied with No. 500.

As they hastily prepared the cattle-killer for carrying back to camp, young Brown looked back in the direction by which they had come. "I wonder how far we've traveled after this old fellow," he said. "I feel like I've ridden a thousand miles."

Caffey grinned. "Don't you know where you are?"

The two amateur hunters looked quickly around. A look of startled surprise appeared in both their faces.

Behind and on each side of them, low ridges spread out in easy ascent, while one, occasionally high and inaccessible, rose abruptly. But the surrounding region was visibly not of the same deep-canyoned type as that encountered when the chase began.

The look of sheepish surprise came when the two turned eastward. Broadly out before them, with but a few miles of irregular and gray-colored foothills intervening, was Rock River Valley, the little village lying drowsily in the foreground.

Old Monarch had led them to within a rifle shot of home, as if to taunt his human antagonists with a killing deliberately in sight of their abode. But for the next two weeks, the late king of the Star Point forest was displayed, to the deep humiliation of all feline pride, in the wide front window of the village store in Rock River.

MILLENNIAL DAWN

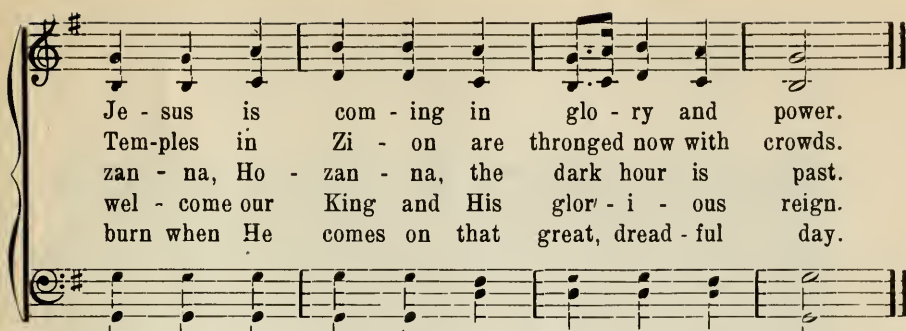
Words by M. CHARLES WOODS.

Music by S. B. MITTON.

1. Mil - len - ni - al dawn streams a - cross the vast heavens. Its
 2. From eastward to westward its faint light is burning, The
 3. The work of E - li - jah, as told in the vi - sion, Is
 4. The faith-ful of na-tions have joined the vast concourse. The
 5. Cease not from your la - bors, but thrust in your sic - kle; Work

warm rays have gild - ed the tem-ple's high tower. Cry
 signs of His com - ing are blazed on the clouds. The
 weld - ing the pres - ent, the fu - ture, the past. All
 heirs of the Priesthood from mountain and plain Have
 with..... your might while 'tis still called to - day. Be-

out,..... ye watchmen, glad tid - ings are giv - en, That
 hearts of the children to fa - thers are turn-ing, The
 flesh at His com-ing shall not now be wast - ed. Ho-
 gathered in Zi - on with songs to re - ceive Him, To
 ware of the bonds of the proud and the fic - kle, Who'll



The Unsuccessful

"To toil and wait!" How easily 'tis said!
 An unction to the worn and weary feet
 Of those upon the trail we daily meet
 Who toil and wait till numbered with the dead.
 Ah! toil is nothing! 'Tis the weary wait—
 The hopeless longing of a weary heart
 That builds more hopes as early hopes depart
 And vanish in the years of sordid fate—
 This wears one out in an eventful life,
 Brings weariness of all elusive hopes,
 Makes dim the vision that no longer opes
 To better things beyond the toil and strife * *
 Heart-sad old age brings memories anew
 Of vanished hopes and what they failed to do!

Success Through Merit

One that a worthy life-task shall begin
 And have the faith his purpose to fulfil—
 To serve, and by devoted labor win
 His great reward for meritorious skill—
 One who builds character in units sound
 Together in a bond of sturdy power,
 Adapted to the purpose, and profound
 With judgment for essentials of each hour,
 May have success in all environments:
 There is no sphere for either high or low.
 Success is cumulative common sense
 And watchful care, wherein we know we know.
 So one is great whose merit has been won
 In any useful labor ably done.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

"But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit."

On August 22, 1926, Elder R. Elgin Gardner was the speaker at an evening street meeting in the city of Durango, Colorado. On the heterogeneous crowd that had gathered around, his words fell as the seeds of the sower depicted in the Savior's parable. Perhaps he felt, as most missionaries do, that his message was having little, or no, effect—that the seeds he was sowing were all falling on stony ground. However, among that crowd of listeners was a woman whose heart was receptive to the seeds thus sown—"good ground, and brought forth fruit." So impressed was she with the appearance, demeanor, sincerity and message of the young missionary, that she afterwards expressed her feelings in verse, and sent it, though anonymously, to the general office of the Western States mission. Her sentiments, which are published herewith, should be an inspiration to the readers of the *Era* in general, and should lend encouragement, especially, to the missionary who might think his work is in vain.

THE MESSAGE I HAD SOUGHT

Alone, one Sunday evening, I wandered down the street.
No aim nor destination to guide my wand'ring feet;
Paused idly on the corner, and joined the scattered throng,
Hoping for some amusement to help pass time along.

A hush fell for a moment, then on the pavement trod
A youth with eyes of a dreamer and mien of Grecian God.
The light of his hair gleamed golden, and it seemed a halo shone
Around him, and seemed to set him apart from the crowd, alone.
His face was pale, and I noticed that a tremor shook his frame,
But the light of his eyes never wavered; they burned with a steady flame.

He scanned the circle of faces, and then began to speak,
And I knew he had brought the message that I had been led to seek.
The theme of his wonderful sermon—the thought that he gave most stress—
Was, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," and also His righteousness;
And he renewed the promise, come down the long years through,
From the Master's lips—"all else shall be added unto you."
He likened the world to a Kingdom, with Christ at the judgment seat;
He urged us to repentance, showed paths to our stumbling feet.
He told us of Saul's conversion, of John the Baptist's life,
Of the message—PEACE—which Jesus brought to a world of toil and strife.
His stories were old as the ages, but he made them ever new,
And we, who saw and listened, felt that each word was true.

He finished speaking, and by the street light took his stand,
And his hearers pressed about him, to speak, and shake his hand.
"Enjoyed your talk," "How are you?" and "Good night," I heard them say,
While I stood there, dumb, for a moment, then silently moved away.
I couldn't walk up to him, while the careless crowd looked on,
And tell him he'd turned my darkness to a glorious, rosy dawn.
To him I was but a stranger; to me he'd become that night
A heaven-sent herald of courage, of happiness, truth and light;
But I didn't tell him, and in silence I walked through the crowd,
My heart filled with awe of his message, my head in humility bowed.

The youth has gone; somehow I wish I could let him know
 His words will be remembered, as on through life I go;
 That he lives in my heart as a Savior, that I think of him every day,
 That I wish I could see him, help him, in his work so far away;
 That each night as I kneel at my bedside, while my eyes with tears grow dim,
 I ask God to aid and comfort, to bless and care for him.



ELDERS OF THE WESTERN STATES MISSION, WYOMING CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: J. Wesley Tribe, Ogden, former conference president; T. N. Baldwin, Monroe; Thomas L. Miller (released), Herriman; President John M. Knight, mission president; Conference President Farril Holman, Fountain Green. Back row: C. P. Clark, Clarkston; V. A. Mahoney, Heber; Thorneil Wilson, North Ogden; Norman G. Gilbert, Corinne; Clifton Densley, Riverton; Thornton W. Petersen, Hyrum, Utah.

Prof. James L. Barker in Germany

One of the most successful and best attended conferences ever held in this city occurred on January 29 to 31. A large number of Saints were present, representing the various branches of the Frankfurt conference; and the number of investigators at all meetings was most gratifying. President Hugh J. Cannon of the Swiss-German mission was present. The meetings were conducted, under President Cannon's direction, by President Melvin G. Hart of the Frankfurt conference. Prof. James L. Barker, of Utah, and his family, who are in Europe in the interest of research work, came to Frankfurt to attend the meetings, and their visit resulted in much good, for Brother Barker gave the missionaries some valuable instructions on the matter of learning the language, and he also addressed the principal meeting of the

conference, at which meeting more than five hundred were in attendance, many of them being strangers and investigators. Recently a prominent German paper has been publishing a continued article about the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which article has re-aired some of the time-worn stories currently believed and told by the opponents of the Church. We advertised by handbills and newspapers that Prof. Barker would speak, in answer to this recent publicity, at our main meeting, which he did in a splendid manner, he being master of the German language, as well as a fearless and powerful exponent of the gospel. Many friends present at the meeting expressed their interest and pleasure, and we are assured that much good will result. The whole conference was a source of much satisfaction to all, and the elders and Saints all returned to their fields and branches strengthened in their faith and enthusiasm. The investigators who attended were all very favorably impressed.—*George Albert Smith, Jr., Frankfurt-Am-Main, Germany.*



ELDERS IN CONFERENCE, GERMANY

Front row (sitting), left to right: Glen G. Williams, Los Angeles; C. Whitney Parry, Salt Lake City; "Jim" Barker, Louis M. Gurgener and Albert R. Bowen, Salt Lake City. Second row: Conference President Melvin G. Hart, Salt Lake City; Margaret Barker, Nancy Barker, Salt Lake City; Mission President Hugh J. Cannon; Prof. James L. Barker, Salt Lake City; Mrs. J. L. Barker; Ralph G. Cutler, president Cologne conference, Logan; Byron Whipple, Cologne conference, Lehi. Third row: Geo. Ashby Smith, Salt Lake City; Julius Miller, Salt Lake City; LaMar Lautensock, Salt Lake City; Francis Seegmiller, Salt Lake City; Konrad Haak, Kiel, Germany; Hamlet C. Pulley, Logan; Eric C. Pollei, Salt Lake City; Elwood I. Barker, Ogden. Fourth row: Carl E. Richins, Henefer; Horace Jones, Henefer; Frank C. Simmons, Pittsburgh, Pa.; George Albert Smith, Jr., Salt Lake City; J. Clifton Rhead, Ogden; Harley Monson, Smithfield; Quayle Cannon, Jr., Bountiful. Fifth row: Hans Kreipl, Salt Lake City; William Snow, Pine Valley, Utah.

Encouragement in France

During November, 1926, the missionaries laboring in Toulon, on the famous Azure Coast of France, received an invitation to speak in a neighboring chapel of the Protestant Church. The chapel is situated at LaGarde, France. Elders Almon Brown and Parker Warner accepted the invitation. The listeners, who numbered more than fifty, were apparently favorably impressed, for the elders were asked to return and tell more of "the message" of which they had spoken. Since that time frequent visits have been made in an effort fully to utilize the now unusual opportunity. The invitations speak well for the religious attitude of the people. From them arises, also, a reasonable hope for the establishment of a branch of the Church in the locality.

The missionaries of Southern France find pleasure and encouragement in every number of the *Improvement Era*.—Verle N. Fry, president, Marseilles conference.



AT TOULON, FRANCE

Left to right: The Protestant Pastor; Elders Verl N. Fry, president Marseilles conference; Almon L. Brown; Parker P. Warner. Standing in front is the pastor's son.

Fifty-one Baptized in Wyoming

Elder J. Morris Jensen, secretary of the Western States mission reports that the missionaries laboring in the Wyoming conference are doing splendid work. They baptized fifty-one souls during the year 1926. "Prospects for 1927 are even brighter for a large harvest."—J. M. Jensen, Secretary Western States mission.

IN THE SPRING

BY WESTON N. NORDGRAN

Cal Ridges strode through the shaded avenues of pines, as the sun sank to rest. The cool evening breezes of early Spring murmured and sighed through the aspens and pines, to lose themselves at last in a tangled maze of sage and rabbit brush, in the valley far below. The snow had melted, and the ground, newly dried emitted entrancing odors, as Cal continued on his way to the cabin. As he reached the wicket gate, he paused, and turning on his heel, he faced toward the little village he had left. A tender smile, wistful, pathetic, and yet glowing, hovered on his face, lighting up his handsome features. For a moment he let it linger there, as if he wanted to get acquainted with the feelings which caused it. Then a pained look chased the smile away, and turning, he strode into the cabin.

As he entered the room, his father rose to greet him. "In the Spring," he quoted, "a young man's fancy, lightly turns—."

"Why, what's the matter, Cal?" his father questioned, "Wouldn't she have you?"

"Oh yes, she'll have me," returned Cal gloomily, "on condition. She says that we will have to be married in the Temple, or she will not marry me. She says it is a "Mormon" principle, and that she will stick to it. And Dad," he continued, "I don't want a Temple marriage. I want her to have a really brilliant church wedding, with flowers, and bridesmaids, and—well, everything, and not to go to the bother of getting a church recommend, and all of that!" And he went off in raptures of fancy as he described the wedding, in glowing terms, that he had planned for his beloved.

The older man listened without seemingly paying any attention, and when Cal finally bethought himself of the supper on the table, he noticed a far-away look in his father's eyes.

Three days later, Cal returned to the cabin to find his father critically ill with pneumonia, and although he summoned a doctor and a nurse, and saw that everything possible was done, Bruce Ridges passed on to the world beyond. After the funeral, as Cal was sorting his father's personal effects, he came upon a letter addressed to himself. He tore open the envelope, and read:

"*Dear son Cal:* I am soon to join your mother in another world, and I would like to tell you a few things. I was stubborn in my youth, as you are. I loved your mother—and I do yet, God bless her—but when she wanted a Temple wedding, I held out against it. It nearly broke her heart, but she loved me more than her religion, else she thought to convert me, and she married me outside of the Temple. When you were eight years of age, you were baptized. I

let your mother have her way in that, as I had been baptized myself, and even stood fairly high in the Priesthood—and because it pleased her. I can see that I have been a slacker—I let myself slide, and didn't try to learn about religion—I was wrong. Since I became sick about a month ago, I have begun to think, and act. I had a talk with the bishop, and since then, I have gone to the Temple of the Lord, and have had your mother sealed to me for eternity! Marie is right, and as I know my written word will have more weight with you after I am gone, I pen these few lines of advice. Before you marry, investigate, and find out for yourself which marriages are the happier, and which last the longer, those contracted with the sanction of the Lord, in his holy House, or those performed outside of it. Service and sacrifice bring forth the choicest blessings of God. Remember your tithing, and remember that God is your Father. Call upon him in times of need. And I say to you, make yourself useful to mankind, by doing more in a church capacity. New people are needed and appreciated, in the Lord's vineyard. If you will talk to Bishop Healey, he will find a place for you. You will perhaps have hard times, but don't give up. I will await you, with your mother, in the eternal world. I should like to have you married in the Temple, if you can arrange it. Marie is right.

Your loving father,

BRUCE RIDGES."

Cal was shocked—stunned—by that letter. He felt old and beaten. The longest sermon Bruce Ridges had ever preached was contained in that letter to his son. Cal went to the bishop the next Sunday after meeting, and after showing him the letter, asked for help and advice. Bishop Healey was very interested, and at once took Cal "under his wing." He gave the young man much to think about and to ponder over. Cal was given a ward teacher's division, with the bishop as his companion. Thus, by degrees, Cal came to know the real significance of the holy Priesthood, the meaning of salvation for the living and the dead, and the gospel in its true light. He gloried in his work, and learned to enjoy the meetings which he had heretofore considered dull and dry. He saw a good deal of Marie Kelsey during the summer months, and she rejoiced with him in the work of the Lord. At last, in the latter part of November, Cal was given the office of President of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the ward.

* * * * *

It was again Spring. Happy birds twittered on the twigs and branches of the sturdy pines. Baby leaf buds were bursting forth upon the trees, and shy grass blades appeared as if by magic. The winter-fallowed ground was soft and mellow, with a spring-like scent to it. Streams dashed and foamed down the mountainside as if glad to escape winter's hardy bonds. The moon, in its course, rose pale, full, and serene, like a silvery light.

A year had passed; a busy year it had been for Cal, with his manifold duties of farmer and preacher. He had cleared a tract of land and now had eighty acres, redeemed from the forest and sage. Other acres he had, too—after homesteading them for years, with his father. A small flock of sheep testified to that, for he had been of a thrifty nature, and had picked up lost bits of wool and bones, later to pasture them on his sage land, and turn them into good representatives of their breed.

Cal had again been to the village—and beyond. And as he returned to the cabin through the dusk, he was not alone. There was one who made his heart beat high with hope, whenever she brushed by his side. Hand in hand they moved, as they ascended the well worn path to the wicket gate. There they paused and he took her in his arms.

Some time later they sat on the porch steps and surveyed by moonlight the farm at the foot of the darkened path, the new net wire fence, the stacks, the corrals and the newly budding orchard. A horse sent a whinneying blast out over the night, and somewhere from the depths of mountain sage, a coyote howled his disappointment at the moon. Cal laughed for pure joy, and squeezed Marie tighter as she snuggled up to him. They looked long into each others' eyes, as if to search for any doubt; finding none, their lips met and a peaceful calm pervaded their hearts. Their souls seemed as one, and they loved with the fervency of youth.

A belated bird shrilled at some prowler and emitted an annoyed squawk. A bat thumped headlong into the cabin wall, above the door. Thus aroused from their reverie, Cal and Marie went indoors. Home at last! It seemed to them that they had been wandering all of their lives, and had just now discovered the way home!

"Ah!" sighed Cal, blissfully, as he switched on the light, "We are home at last! And we shall have everything together from now on—yes, everything! And say, Marie, wasn't that marriage of ours a grand one? I'm surely glad to know that we had it performed in the house of the Lord."

"Yes, Cal," responded his dear little wife, "it surely was wonderful, and I'm, oh—so happy that we had a Temple marriage! Just think, Cal, we are each others for life, and for all *eternity*! We'll be together always!—forever!"

"Amen, to that!" said Cal, cheerily.

Vanished Landmarks

I am thinking tonight of the landmarks, wife,
That marked out our paths long ago;
Of the dear and familiar old milestones of life
That guided our footsteps, you know.

Remember the tree at the top of the ridge,
And the waterfall down in the dell?
The flat stone that stretched o'er the creek for a bridge,
And the spring that we called "Witches' Well?"

They have all disappeared, as the years have rolled by—
The tree has been hauled to the mill;
The waterfall harnessed and chained to supply
The power for the sluice-box and drill.

The stone has been quarried and chiseled away,
For houses and bridges and walls;
And the wild, gurgling spring, where we all loved to play,
Now through long miles of iron pipe crawls.

They are gone, the old landmarks, and somehow it seems
That the landmarks of life have gone, too;
The things which most counted, the substance of dreams,
Are clouded, and lost from our view.

The kiss of betrothal, so sacred and sweet,
A landmark in your life and mine;
Then our wedding-day, dear, which made heaven complete,
Its bright halo forever will shine.

A landmark, the day of our first baby's birth,
And the day that he went back to heaven,
Marked other milestones in the path here on earth,
Which God, for our guidance, has given.

But these things are not landmarks in lives of today;
It seems nothing counts any more;
A kiss is bestowed on a pal of a day,
And forgot ere the evening is o'er.

A wedding, too often, means only a lark;
A birth, just a trial to be borne;
Death seems to mean only a sleep in the dark,
The world is too busy to mourn.

So tonight, looking back o'er life that is past,
At each landmark that never grows dim,
I ask God to let them through eternity last,
To lead us, and guide us to him.

Editors' Table

Christ is Risen

The Savior's atonement and resurrection are fundamental in the faith of the Latter-day Saints.

His own words (John 5:28, 29) attest the truth of the universal redemption of the human race from death: "Marvel not * * * for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice [Christ's], and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

His apostles also taught the doctrine of a universal resurrection (Acts 24:15; Rev. 20:13): "There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust;" the sea "and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works." Modern revelation confirms the same (Doc. and Cov. 18:12): Christ "hath risen again from the dead, that he might bring all men unto him, on conditions of repentance."

That Christ did rise from the dead is abundantly attested by scriptural evidence. His many appearances after he arose from the grave re-established, in his apostles, faith in him as the Redeemer. They were convinced by actual contact, by sight and feeling, beyond doubt, that his body was raised from the grave, that he lived again and that God had clothed him with power. They proclaimed his resurrection with confidence and fearlessly expressed their many testimonies to the effect: "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses." They testified to the fact in Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria, "and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

Their knowledge was not of gradual formation, nor an afterthought, it was an immediate, early and living knowledge which they never modified nor sought to change. It was ever the same in all essentials. Many people, under various conditions and on many occasions, received sensible proofs that he appeared in the same body which had been crucified. The resurrection had a firm foundation in the earnest testimony of the apostles, not alone that of one or two of them, as in the case of Paul and Peter to whom Jesus personally appeared (Luke 24:34; I Cor. 15:5-8), but to all of them.

Not only do we have the testimony of the New Testament, but we have confirming evidence in the holy American scriptures—the Book of Mormon. Christ appeared twice after his resurrection on the American continent to the Nephites, and once to the Twelve

Apostles of the Nephites whom he chose to minister to the people of this continent, and to act for him in the establishment of his Church in the western world. These are additional, confirming evidences of the reality of our Lord's resurrection. (3 Nephi 19:4.)

But we have still another convincing testimony of the Master's resurrection in his appearance to the Prophet Joseph Smith, which resulted in the restoration of power and authority to establish the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His visit resulted in restoring the Priesthood to the earth, through which was given authority to men to preach and teach the gospel and to perform all the ordinances pertaining thereunto.

By these outside evidences we are justified in saying that Christ is risen; and as he rose from the dead so shall all men arise later, to stand before the judgment seat of the Father to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. We have also a more sure, inward, individual testimony in the witness of the Spirit to all who have repented and have been baptized and who have received by authority the gift of the Holy Ghost through the laying on of hands of the authorized servants of God.

We are a part of the marvelous work of God in the latter days. We live in a time when he has committed the keys of his kingdom and a dispensation of the gospel, for the last and the fulness of times, unto men on the earth. We have the commission to preach to all the nations the gospel restored, and with it Christ Jesus and his resurrection. He is our Redeemer and Savior, whose death and resurrection is a part of the plan of the eternal Father "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." Our mission is to declare his gospel, with the sound of rejoicing, for he has said: "Lift up your hearts and be glad, for I am in your midst, and am your advocate with the Father; and it is his good will to give you the kingdom."

Christ came to redeem all who would believe on him; he suffered and died to atone for our sins. He rose from the dead, and became the first fruits of the resurrection of all mankind.—A.

Reflections

A Cause of Crime—Recently Dr. D. H. Kress, of the Washington Sanitarium, speaking before a class at the Wilson Normal school, linked crime and cigarette smoking. He stated that 93% of the offenders taken before the Juvenile courts of the country are "cigarette fiends." He said further that "the youthful habit of cigarette smoking would rapidly degenerate the human race to a disastrous extent. Cigarettes, besides, are largely responsible for heart disease, causing more deaths than any other malady." The law alone cannot prevent cigarette smoking. It can help. The habit must be abandoned through the

desire and strong will of the individual himself, who should be educated to understand its evil effects on mind and body.

A Week that Deserves to be Year Round—Since the war, we have national weeks set apart for many purposes, some very good, some only to advertise trivial schemes. For the week of April 4 to 9, we have the national Be-Kind-to-Animals Week, sponsored by the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass. State governors, mayors, editors, reporters, bishops, ministers, Sunday school superintendents, parents and teachers and all other leaders among the young people, are asked to celebrate the week, and to impress upon the young people (and, *sub rosa*, themselves) the need of being kind to animals. We are told, "Train a child to be kind, and when he is grown he will be kind." No child can practice cruelty toward any living creature without doing himself the greater harm. Kind-to-animals week deserves to be continued the year round. We need to impress upon the rising generation kindness to every living creature, including, of course, the human race; and not for only a day or a week, but for every day the year round, and year after year!

The Fruits of Right Living—Levi S. Udall sends the *Era* a clipping from the *Arizona Gazette*, Phoenix. It contains a glowing tribute justly merited, he says, by the "Mormon" athletes and their associates of that state. They evidently measure up to "Mormon" standards of right living. Quoting from the paper: "The tenets of the 'Mormon' Church demand temperate habits and abstention from those vices which, it so happens, are most likely to undermine athletic stamina. 'Mormon' athletes seldom break training."

These thoughts are well worthy of consideration, not only by the members of the Y. M. M. I. A. and the "Mormon" schoolboys, but by all young men. The standards and ideals of the Church give joy, increased efficiency, cleanliness of life, happiness. Try them. It must be remembered, however, that one does not get results because one knows how to get them, or because one wants them and longs for them. To obtain the fruits of right living, one must fulfil the conditions upon which they grow; must deal with causes that effects may follow. This provides pleasant work, but requires persistent effort, and a long journey. The fruits of right living come by placing oneself in the midst of a chain of sequences that will bring good results. The Savior said, "He that abideth in me bringeth forth much fruit." Abiding in Christ, living right as he did, is the cause—strength, stamina, real joy, the effects.

Books

Home Evening Bulletin is the title of a brochure issued by the Granite stake of Zion. It contains a fine portrait of President Frank Y. Taylor, the father of Home Evening work in Granite stake, and is affectionately "dedicated

to the fathers and mothers in that stake of Zion, who are earnestly striving to make the home a real center of peace and love and a genuine bulwark of the Church and the nation." It contains a very interesting letter of approval of the Home Evening in the Granite stake by President Heber J. Grant; also greetings by the presidency of the stake; an introduction by the high council committee having Home Evening in charge; an analysis of Home Evening work, with suggestions on how to solve some of the problems listed in the analysis, also suggestive exercise on how to carry on the Home Evening program, with sermons explaining its purpose, and a very enlightening address on Home Government by the late President Joseph F. Smith. The publication should be a great help to parents. In the Granite stake, Monday evening is devoted entirely to the home, where parents and children are invited to meet, to discuss the word of the Lord and family affairs. The pamphlet contains some sixty pages, and has been distributed free to about 2,700 homes.

A neat little brochure, with illuminated, embossed cover, entitled *Mother*, and containing eight poems on Mother, by Theodore E. Curtis, a well known contributor to the *Improvement Era*, and author of *Lyrics of the Westland*, has just been issued. It contains as a frontispiece Lucy Smith, mother of the Prophet Joseph; and also a portrait of Louie B. Felt, first official mother of one hundred thousand Primary children; her period of service nearly fifty years. "She has been mother to most of us," as the title expresses it. To those who are looking for an appropriate selection of Mother poems for Mother's Day, this little publication will be an excellent offering. The delightfully descriptive language so well known in Mr. Curtis' nature writings has not been lost in these beautiful poems on Mother's Day. The poems may be obtained from the author or from the Deseret Book Company, 25c each, \$1.50 per dozen.

Credit for Photograph

The beautiful photo accompanying "The Rescue," the choice one-act play in this issue of the *Era*, was taken by Dr. W. H. Hopkins, a well-known Salt Lake physician and lover of nature. Through his courtesy our readers will receive, in the picture, a realistic view of gulls on the shores of the Great Salt Lake.

Spring

The winter's snow and chilling wind
Are going fast. It's coming Spring!
The ground, so long 'neath mantle white,
Will soon be spread with flowers bright.

I loved you, Winter, for a spell,
But with you would not always dwell.
Just now, my heart delights to sing,
It's coming Spring! It's coming Spring!

She'll be all dressed in raiment fair,
With sweetest perfumes fill the air.
When birds and bees their message bring,
'Twill then be Spring! Lovely Spring!

HATTIE CRITCHLOW JENSEN.

Priesthood Quorums

(All matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood, presented under this heading, are prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric)

Appointment of Priests and Teachers as Ushers

In traveling through the various wards, it is noted that in relatively few instances are priests and teachers used as ushers. Yet this is a very proper appointment and labor for the members of the Aaronic priesthood. No matter how good the order may be in the gatherings of the Latter-day Saints, the appointment of ushers and door-keepers will still further promote good order. It is hardly necessary to state that the maintenance of order in all the meetings, in the Sacramental meetings particularly, is of the greatest importance. Assignments of priests and teachers can well be made by the supervisors from among the members of these quorums in rotation, using the teachers as door-keepers and the priests as ushers.

In order to secure the best results, it is desirable that one or two young men shall be stationed at the doors or entrances of the gathering place, and that they remain at that point and see that the doors are opened for those who enter and closed after they enter. As the members assemble, those in charge of the door can kindly advise them of the location of seats in the meeting house. Two or more competent young men should be selected to conduct the people to the seats that are available, filling the front seats first, as far as possible, and then as the congregation assemble, filling the seats farther back. In order to maintain order during the meeting, the ushers should sit at such places as will enable them to keep peace. Their attitude should be such as to induce quietness.

Field Notes

Aaronic priesthood activities, Ogden stake. Under the direction of the stake Aaronic priesthood committee, with Elder W. W. Rawson chairman, the Ogden stake holds Aaronic priesthood conventions every three months. In cooperation with them, also, the ward supervisors of the Aaronic priesthood are actively functioning. These ward committees meet every Wednesday evening. On the second Wednesday of the month they consider the report of the previous month's work. They discuss with the officers of all the quorums the plans for the ensuing month. Upon the quorum officers is placed the responsibility of making the assignments in order to secure the results desired in the performance of the duties by the members of the different quorums. At these weekly meetings they also plan the work for the ensuing week. They discuss lesson work, assignments, and other activities, as also the social activities of the quorums. The stake committee is endeavoring this year greatly to increase the activities of all members of the Aaronic priesthood.

Among other duties taken care of by the Aaronic priesthood in each ward, is the responsibility for a part of the ward teaching jointly by the priests and teachers. One district only in each ward is assigned to them by the Bishopric so that they will be able to do it all in one evening, and thereby not interfere with their school studies. The results of the ward teaching in these districts for which the Aaronic priesthood are responsible have proved very satisfactory. Many of the people who have been visited by these young men declare that they have received better ward teaching than ever before.

Slogan and Code of Honor: The deacons of the Spanish Fork Second ward, Palmyra stake, under the direction of Elder H. Eugene Hughes of the bishopric, have adopted a slogan and a code of honor. This latter is having the effect of stimulating the boys in the development of character and the performance of their duties. The code of honor has been printed and a copy is delivered to all of the deacons as well as to other officers of the ward and of the stake. The parents of the boys have also taken an interest in the matter and suggest to the boys wherein they can improve themselves in connection with the various resolutions of the code. In this ward, some of the older, inactive members are becoming interested and taking part. Twenty-eight out of thirty-two deacons, or 88%, attended their meetings regularly during January.

Attendance at Sacramental Meetings: The North Sevier stake has undertaken a systematic plan to increase the attendance at the Sacramental meetings. For instance, on the Saturday before Fast day, the deacons are appointed by the bishopric in each ward to visit every family, remind them of Fast day, invite them to be at Fast meeting and to invite them also to pay their Fast donations. On the second Sunday, the different auxiliary organizations are appointed for different months to promote the attendance of the members of the ward. On the third Sunday, the stake home missionaries visit the ward, and, in connection therewith, the teachers' quorum of the ward is responsible for inviting every member of the ward to attend the meeting. On the fourth and fifth Sundays, the bishopric provide speakers, and the priests' quorum of the ward is responsible for the invitation to all the members of the ward.

Teaching Tithing: During the month of February, 1927, the Grant stake has given special attention to the presentation of the principle of tithing to all of the members of that stake in a very thorough way. They have taken as their slogan for the month, "As for me and my house, we will pay our tithes." The subject has been presented in five-minute, original talks, each one by a different speaker, at every ward Sacrament meeting, every auxiliary association meeting, and in every department of each ward priesthood meeting during the month of February. In addition thereto, the ward teachers presented this important subject to all the families of the Latter-day Saints during the past month.

Jordan Stake Ward Teachers' Convention: On January 23 last, a ward teachers' convention was held in the Jordan stake, under the direction of the stake committee on ward teaching, in the Sandy First ward meeting house. The program consisted of discussion of topics on Organization and Planning; Preparation; How to Teach; Possibilities of the Work, and a Summary by the President of the stake and stake Committee members. This convention was very successful and much enthusiasm was aroused. About two hundred and thirty ward teachers were in attendance.

New Superintendent for Yellowstone

N. R. Humphries, box 23, Parker, Idaho, has been appointed superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. for Yellowstone stake, vice John T. Elliot, St. Anthony.

Mutual Work

Instructions to Recreational Leaders of the M. I. A.

PREPARING AND PRESENTING PROGRAMS

We recognize that there are constantly coming into the recreational leadership of the M. I. A. new men and women, and in order that there may be no misunderstanding among these new workers, we desire to emphasize two points set forth in our *Official Recreation Guide*. We state, under the assignment, that when the program is adopted by the Bishopric and auxiliary executive officers of a ward, its execution is in the hands of the M. I. A. Committee on Recreation. What we mean by "execution" is that we are responsible to see that the work is done by those to whom it is assigned, that they live up to our recreational standards, and that our recreation committees are to be helpful in assisting the various organizations, wherever possible, in preparing their programs, but we do not wish to take it out of the hands of the several organizations to present the program which they have prepared. After the year-round program has been approved by the various executive officers of the auxiliary organizations of the ward, in connection with the bishopric, each organization must prepare its own program. The character of the program is usually agreed upon, as to whether it shall be a drama, a play program, a dancing party, etc., but the details of this activity should be left with the officers of the organization which is to present the entertainment. It may be illustrative of their particular work. We do not mean to say that when the program is prepared, by any of these organizations, that the M. I. A. Committee shall take over the presentation of the program. It should always be presented by the officers of the organization who have prepared it.

IMPORTANCE OF MONTHLY MEETING WITH STAKE AND WARD AUTHORITIES

The other item is in connection with the instructions that went from the Presidency of the Church, on March 8, 1923, to Presidents of stakes.

We quote the following paragraph:

"We suggest that once a month you could with profit have a meeting with the presiding officers of the stake auxiliary boards, and the bishopric a similar meeting with the presiding officers of their ward auxiliaries, providing an opportunity to correlate their work, keep harmony among their organizations, and a closer co-operation between the presiding authorities in stakes and wards and the presiding officers of the auxiliary organizations."

We have found that where this monthly meeting in the stake is held with the presidency and the stake M. I. A. Committee on Recreation, as well as the executive officers of the several stake boards; and where this monthly meeting in the ward is held with the bishopric, the M. I. A. Committee on Recreation and the executive officers of the ward auxiliaries, that perfect harmony has been obtained and our program has been well understood, and the hearty cooperation of all organizations have been given to the united program which they have all had a part in creating.

There are also many other questions outside of recreation that could well come before such a group in the interest of harmony. We hope that our M. I. A. Committees are asking the Priesthood authorities for the opportunity,

monthly, of meeting this group in order that there may be a proper co-operation in approving and carrying out our programs.

The Lord bless our M. I. A. recreation leaders, that they may get the vision of their responsibility, as servants of the people under the direction of the Priesthood, with the guidance of the M. I. A. general officers, to render service for all the organizations and people of the Church.—M. I. A. GENERAL BOARDS.

Introduction to the M. I. A. Slogan—1926-27

APRIL, 1927

"We stand for a testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith."

Monthly Themes:

October—How to obtain a testimony.

November—The announcement of the restoration of the gospel.

December—The need of the restoration of the gospel.

January—The heavens are opened and the Lord speaks.

February—The Book of Mormon a testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith.

March—Authority.

April—Works.

1. *Work for the Living.*—Christ said, "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Matt. 24:14.

The Lord revealed to Joseph Smith that the gospel of Jesus Christ was to go forth into all the world and unto the uttermost parts of the earth and must be preached unto every creature. Doc. and Cov. 58:64; 133:8, 9.

Joseph Smith was energetic in the accomplishment of this work, and each succeeding president of the Church has earnestly sustained it. Wherever it has been possible to gain admission for missionaries, they have been sent. Hundreds are kept constantly in the mission field.

The Lord called the weak and filled them with his Spirit as he promised he would do. Men and women have answered this call, some hardly realizing the meaning of missionary work, untrained, but with a message from the Lord and they deliver it in their simple way. Thousands, hungry for the truth, have recognized the voice of the true shepherd, for they were the children of Israel, and have accepted the gospel. Fulfilling this missionary calling, as the Church has so successfully done, indicates that the mission of Joseph is divine.

2. *Work for the Dead.*—In direct fulfilment of Malachi's prediction (Malachi 4:6), the Prophet Elijah gave instructions to Joseph Smith as found in Doc. and Cov. 110:14-16.

Joseph Smith understood that this work of salvation was for the dead. While living according to God in the spirit, they are to be judged according to man in the flesh. I Peter 4:6. Baptism for the dead was an ordinance in the Primitive Church. I Cor. 15. The gospel is preached to those in the spirit world. I Peter 3:19, 29. Joseph inaugurated the work as he was commissioned to do.

By the power of God, this work is going on. There are evidences all about us of the hearts of fathers and children turning to each other. Our temples are filled with Latter-day Saints working for their dead. The people are busy with their genealogical research work. Genealogical investigation is extended into many countries by people not of our faith.

3. *The Gathering of Israel.*—Moses committed the keys for the gathering of Israel to Joseph Smith. Doc. and Cov. 110:11. Centuries ago the children of Israel were scattered among all nations, where thousands

are living at the present time, and their gathering must form a great part of the work of the latter days.

"I will gather the remnant of my flock out of all countries whither I have driven them." Jer. 23:3; Doc. and Cov. 133:7.

"And after they have been scattered and the Lord God hath scourged them by other nations for the space of many generations, yea, even down from generation to generation * * * the day will come when it must needs be expedient that they should believe these things. And the Lord will set his hand again the second time to restore his people from their lost and fallen state." 2 Nephi 25:15, 16, 17; 6:14; 3 Nephi 5:24-26.

"Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." Isa. 45:17.

From the time Joseph Smith received these keys, the spirit of gathering has rested upon the people. Thousands of Latter-day Saints who heard the gospel message in their native lands bear witness to receiving the spirit of gathering, impulses which they did not understand; and so powerfully were they impressed that they willingly left home and loved ones and traveled thousands of miles under distressing conditions to be with the Church and people of God.

4. *The Building of Zion.*—Zion is the pure in heart. Doc. and Cov. 97:21.

Zion is also a place. Doc. and Cov. 35:25; 49:25; 101:70; 109:59; 136:10, 18.

Zion is the whole land of America. *History of the Church*, vol. 6, pp. 318-19, remarks by Joseph Smith, the Prophet; vol. 6, pp. 321-22, remarks by Brigham Young.

The Church itself is a witness to the divine mission of Joseph Smith.

What to do in April

The *M. I. A. Year-Round Recreation Program* provides that the "Civic Pride Campaign" should be vigorously observed in April. This provides for the improvement of home and ward surroundings, church grounds and buildings, fences and play-fields; also for flower-growing contests and general improvement in civic affairs. The slogan should be, clean up, paint up, improve,—cleaner homes, cleaner towns, cleaner roads and fields. The M. I. A. are advised to cooperate with other organizations in this important work, or take the lead, if thought best. Attention is called to pages 18, 19 and 20 of the program. In case you have lost yours, a few may still be obtained from the general office on application.

Of course, officers will not forget the current items of studying and other activity that are always uppermost in the association, and particularly make some provision for sustaining the attendance at the regular meetings, and accelerating the regular work.

"Mormon" Standards Approved

The practical value of the standards for right living advocated by the Mutual Improvement Associations and by the Church in general was demonstrated recently in Arizona. In commenting upon the incident, the *Arizona Gazette*, published at Phoenix, says: "If there is anyone left who wonders just how much help right-living is to an athlete, cite him to Arizona's 'Mormon' schoolboys."

A basketball team from Safford, Arizona, "Mormon" settlement in the Gila valley, won the high school title for the state, in the tournament games played at Tucson. This team, most of whom were "Mormons," was considered inferior in every respect; but, won from a bigger, faster, better-drilled team by the sheer pluck and stamina that come from right liv-

ing. On the same night, at Phoenix, the Gila College team, most of whom also were "Mormon" boys, defeated the Tempe Teachers College for the Arizona informal conference championship. Gila is the smallest school, except one, in point of enrollment, in the conference, with fewer available athletes; yet, this "Mormon" school went through the season without defeat, playing twenty-four games, just as they were scheduled.

The newspaper item again states: "Mesa, predominantly a 'Mormon' community, has a record of athletic achievements that would compare favorably with that of any other town of its size in the country. The tenets of the 'Mormon' Church demand temperate habits and abstention from those vices which, it so happens, are most likely to undermine athletic stamina. 'Mormon' athletes seldom break training."

This is a practical, powerful recommendation, not only to athletes, but to all members of our Y. M. M. I. A., and to youth in general, who aspire to achievement in every phase of life. Men and women, boys and girls, who adhere to these standards "seldom break training" in any line of endeavor—they usually reach the goal, with honors. These STANDARDS comprise a safe recipe for SUCCESS.

Prize Offered for a Short Play

The *Improvement Era* offers a prize of \$40 for the best one-act play. The decision of the judges will be final.

The subject may center around:

1. Any gospel theme, or pioneer experience;
2. The M. I. A. work;
3. Outdoor subjects—Fathers and Sons' Outings, Scouting, etc.

The offer is open to all. Manuscripts must be in the hands of the editor of the *Improvement Era* on or before the first day of October, 1927. The play should be unsigned and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the author and the title of the play. The range of the subjects may be as broad as the work of the M. I. A. organization; it need not be confined to the foregoing suggestions, but the theme should be consistent with and relevant to M. I. A. standards and work.

The play winning the prize is to become the property of the *Improvement Era*. All other manuscripts will be returned or arrangements made for their purchase.

The *Era* printed *The Unequal Yoke* in 1925. See this number for *The Rescue*, the winner in 1926. What will be the title and who the winner in 1927?

Dramatic Contest in Summit Stake

Through the united efforts of the stake Recreation Committee and the local M. I. A., one more step was made in the Summit stake toward better recreation in a dramatic contest. The contest was in the form of a one-act play, each of the seven wards entering presenting a different, interesting play. Two nights were taken for the occasion. April 28, at Oakley ward, and March 2, at Hoytsville ward. The people of Summit stake have pronounced it two of the best evenings of entertainment they have ever spent. Three prizes were awarded by the M. I. A. Stake Board. Coalville ward took first place, with *The Unequal Yoke*; Kamas, second place, with a comedy, *Her Forgetful Husband*; Henefer third place, with the play, *Hans Von Smash*. Other dramas presented were, *All in a Fog*, by Oakley ward; *Jerry*, Hoytsville ward; *The Robbery*, by Peoa ward; and *Honor Bound*, by Wanship ward.

These plays opened avenues of expression from the young people in a dramatic line. Let's have more of them—*Mae Rees*.
Coalville, Utah.

Current Events

A STUDY FOR THE M. I. A. ADVANCED SENIOR CLASSES 1926-27

(Prepared by the Advanced Senior Committee)

LESSONS FOR APRIL, 1927

I—POLITICS AND INDUSTRY

1. *Installment Buying.* This kind of buying has been growing for about fifty years until it has become a common practice in this country, and particularly since 1920. Too, it has not been confined to one class of goods, but covers almost all kinds. Houses, life insurance, stocks and bonds are sold on installments on an extensive scale. But automobiles stand far above all other commodities, equalling about \$1,500,000,000 of the total installment debt at the present time. Household furniture comes second, and is about 19% of the total installment debt. About 80% of all phonographs, 75% of washing machines, 65% of vacuum cleaners, 25% of jewelry, and the greater part of pianos and radios are said to be sold on the installment plan. Even a great deal of clothing, approximately \$140,000,000 worth, is sold annually on deferred payments, but this is usually for a short time.

Questions

1. What is meant by the "installment plan"?
2. What is your opinion of this kind of buying?
3. Is installment selling a bad policy, and when does it break out in most lines of business?
4. Should installment credit be confined to production purposes only, or may it also be used for consumption goods?
5. If it is resorted to by the buyer of consumption goods, is it detrimental to the source of wealth?
6. Does installment credit increase either consumption or production?
7. Why is it that installment credit is used more for the purchase of automobiles than for any other kind of goods? Has this been a hindrance or a benefit to the automobile industry?
8. How does installment credit affect the price of goods, especially in the purchase of cars?
9. Is it not true that even the installment buyer pays less for his car today than the cash buyer did a few years ago?

Reference: *Commerce and Finance*, vol. 14, Jan. 19, 1927, pp. 173-4; *Sales Management*, Jan. 23, 1926, p. 80; *Credit Monthly*, Aug., 1926, p. 12.

2. *Farmers' Fight for Tax Reform.* All over the country farmers are asking for a redistribution of the tax burden between farmers and other classes. The increasing proportion of population which holds the wealth in the form of securities and other intangibles, tends to upset the old theories of taxation, and yet they remain, which throws an undue burden upon the farmer whose wealth is mostly in real estate. Farm taxes, they estimate, are 112% above the 1914 level, though the prices for farm crops are only 44% above the pre-war level. Moreover taxes have increased since 1924 in many states, despite the decreased selling price of farm lands, all of which tends to drive the agriculturist from the land into the city.

Questions

1. What can be the remedy? 2. Should other sources besides property be made available to meet government costs? 3. Should ability to pay taxes be made the major consideration? 4. How may intangible property be reached? 5. Will an income tax or a classified property tax help? If so, how? Reference: *Literary Digest*, Feb. 12, 1927, p. 53.

3. *Lower Postal Rates in Sight.* According to the newspapers, it looks as if we might expect a revision soon of second-class postal rates. Many papers are anxious that this should come about, and that while we should not, perhaps, return to the postal rates of 1917, yet at the same time we should provide for the widest possible dissemination of news. It appears that the 1920 rates produced an increase of 13 million dollars over the old flat rates, while the increased postal rates since 1920 have reduced the volume of newspapers and have increased the revenue less than one-half of 1%. They are asking, therefore, that the government return to a rate on which they got the most service and the government the most revenue. The Senate Post-Office Committee favors the restoration of the 1920 second-class-matter rates which would save the newspapers and magazines about seven million dollars a year; they also favor the repeal of the 2c service charge of parcel post matter revenue in 1925. As a rule the postal department of our government seldom makes a profit; it seems to have made less by the high rates than by lower rates, and consequently many believe that it would be a paying proposition for the government to go back to 1920 rates. Some also feel that if the government will reduce the rate on private postal cards from 2c to 1c, the direct-to-the-customer method of advertising will be encouraged, and consequently business will increase, because increased advertising increases business.

Questions

1. Do you think that the postal rates are excessive? 2. Are private concerns in competition with the government? 3. What is the fundamental purpose of cheap rates on second-class matter? 4. Do you believe that there should be a restriction of franked material sent out by Congressmen and other government officials? 5. Does this material stimulate or benefit the public? 6. Should the zone system of the parcel post department be further simplified in the interest of the public generally? Reference: *Literary Digest*, Feb. 12, 1927, p. 12.

4. *Growth of Population in the United States.* It is estimated that since the census of 1920 the population in the United States has increased about thirteen million, or more than the total population of almost any South American country, or Mexico, or Canada. This increase has been due to an increase of births over deaths and immigration. However, the population has not been equally distributed over the United States. In some states, Vermont, Mississippi, and Nevada, and North Dakota, the population has remained stationary, while New York, Pennsylvania, California, Ohio, Florida, Michigan, Illinois, Texas and New Jersey, have been the big gainers. This goes to show that the drift of population is from the farm to the cities and the industrial centers. Some have attributed this to the per capita tax increase in the agricultural states.

Questions

1. Why is population gravitating to the cities? Is this a good sign? Discuss the problem.

2. Why has the population of California and Florida especially increased in the last few years? Does this show that more work is obtainable in those states, or that they have some other attraction?

3. To what is this increased population due, birth rate exceeding the death rate, or increased immigration, or decline in the death rate, or all three?

4. Must the United States depend more and more upon its own residents for increased population? Why?

5. Can the United States support this increased population, or will we more and more have to import food stuffs from other countries?

6. Has the population in some states already been stabilized, that is, by the resources of those states?

7. How does the density of population in this country compare with England, Belgium and Germany? Reference: *Literary Digest*, February 19, 1927, pp.5-6.

II—SCIENCE AND INVENTION

1. *How may we best protect goods from moths?*

Moth balls may repel the moth fly, but will not kill the caterpillar. The fumes of a cedar chest will destroy moth eggs and kill young caterpillars. Some gases that will kill moths will injure a man. Some others will destroy the color of the dyes. Some are inflammable. Naphthaline, or ordinary tar camphor, is the best protector against moths. An economic point of view is much preferable. Paper bags filled, tightly tied and hung in the sunlight are recommended by Professor Harold Sellers Colton, University of Pennsylvania. (See article in *Science Monthly*, January, 1927, p. 47.)

2. *The Sun Losing Weight.*

How much is the sun losing in weight every second? How long will it endure at that rate of decrease? Can matter be unmade or changed into something that is not matter? (See *Scientific Monthly*, January, 1927, page 90.)

3. *Who is a Moron?*

Can feeble-mindedness be cured?

Some strong light is thrown on these questions by Dr. Henry H. Goddard, of the Ohio University, in an article published in the *Science Monthly*, January, 1927.

If the army tests mean anything, what part of the population of our country are morons?

What was the origin of the term moron? (See *Literary Digest*, January 29, 1927, page 19.)

4. *The Seeing of Sound.*

So we are to see sound and people may be taught to speak properly by seeing the picture of their spoken words! Singers, by seeing their singing, may improve their voices. (See *Literary Digest*, February 5, 1927, pp.23-24.)

What is the name of this new sound-seeing invention? How is it used to help the oil prospector? What is "a walking mountain"? (See *Literary Digest*, January 29, 1927, page 22.)

5. *Transmission of Human Faces.*

In an article on Television, Lucian Fournier tells us, among other things, that the experimenter, Mr. Barna, at a new demonstration, showed that he could transmit faces of human beings sitting in a room of inky blackness to a screen fixed in another room in which the watchers were in total darkness. (See *Science and Invention*, March, 1927, pages 938 and 1066.)

6. *The Family Cook Stove.*

Do you know how high your cooking stove or range should be?

Why should the oven not be on the left side of the cooking burners? (See *Literary Digest*, February 19, 1927, page 24.)

7. *Sowing From Airplanes.*

Canada is sowing rice from airplanes over inaccessible swamps to feed wild fowls. (*Science and Invention*, March, 1927.)

8. *Utah's Attendance at Philadelphia Meeting.*

At the recent Philadelphia meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the registration attendance was 3,181, three of whom were from Utah, with a population of 449,446; and 665 of whom were from New York, with a population of 10,384,144. (See *Science Monthly*, January, 1927.)

On a basis of per capita representation, how many representatives should have gone from Utah to equal the attendance from the Empire State?

III—ART AND LITERATURE

Is American Art Coming to the Front?

The American artists are rising in rebellion against the apparent disregard of their work by art purchasers in favor of foreign artists. They have adopted a new slogan—"See Americans First," which is the result of seeing huge sums paid for old masters and nothing for their own work. They feel that the foreign painter has been over-paid and call it American Art Snobbism.

To emphasize the need of "seeing Americans first," the Associated Dealers in American Painters have arranged an exhibition at the Anderson Galleries in New York, which is to call attention to the work of American artists.

It is the belief of many that America should declare her independence. French critics are wont to characterize American Art as an offshoot of the French school, as if nothing had ever happened here that could not be traced to the influence of Parisian training.

Mr. Forbes Watson, of the *New York World*, agrees that Americans do suffer from artistic snobbism, but he seems to imply that American conservatism in the selling of pictures is at the bottom of the matter rather than snobbism. "Due to economic pressure, European salesmanship is much more intensive and far-reaching in its methods than American salesmanship, which is slightly softened by our immense prosperity. America is the wealthiest market in existence. The European salesmen have their eyes on it every minute of the twenty-four hours. The volume of their propaganda is immense and they are in touch with practically every American collector of contemporary art. The result is that the general American public does not know the rising artists as well as it should. If the Associated Dealers eventually extend the scope of their lists, so that the public can 'see Americans first,' perhaps we shall all be happily cured of our snobbism."

George Luks, the painter, in the *New York Herald-Tribune*, says, "If the millions that rich Americans are spending on counterfeit 'old masters,' were dumped in a subsidy for young artists, there would be a golden age of art here in this generation."

He claims that the people who have money to spend on art, are, generally speaking, incapable of appreciating it, and the people who can appreciate it have no money with which to buy it, but have to wait until someone leaves their collection to some museum before having an opportunity of seeing masterpieces. He ends by saying that the American artists are second to none. (See *Literary Digest* for February 26, 1927.)

Questions

What claim can America lay to Art Production? "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." Does this hold true in regard to American Artists? Has the French school had the greatest influence over American art? What other countries have influenced it? Name the most outstanding American Artists. Name some of the Utah Artists and tell of their accomplishments.

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, February, 1927

STAKE	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	1000	18	15	125	157	290		395	967	94	71	108		193	466
Bear River	480	12	12	90	140	115		155	500	69	117	83		84	353
Beaver	314	6	4	32	67	62	51	83	295	22	48	36	11	60	177
Benson	706	14	14	131	179	179	37	236	762	98	85	110	20	170	483
Blaine	223	6		36	82	48	12	38	216	15	16	16	5	9	61
Box Elder	771	14	14	147	237	240	18	277	919	108	165	142	15	178	608
Deseret	493	12	11	110	189	127	33	186	645	76	110	79	19	119	403
Duchesne	297	10	7	10	15	20	12	24	81	8	10	12	6	16	52
Emery	476	9	6	43	53	126		132	354	33	32	44		85	194
Ensign	926	8	8	87	181	254	102	258	882	77	103	150	57	205	592
Garfield	308	8	4	33	63	57		49	202	19	23	22		22	86
Granite	1100	9	9	98	96	272	140	317	923	79	76	164	70	265	654
Grant	1400	14	14	145	117	331	72	353	1018	115	100	195	40	318	768
Gunnison	279	7	7	49	67	76	58	64	314	46	37	54	22	48	207
Hyrum	500	10	7	60	98	125	9	99	391	37	50	80	6	60	233
Jordan	1011	16	10	73	110	141	60	217	601	67	65	92	40	149	413
Juab	296	5	4	31	72	86		111	300	27	30	53		98	208
Kanab	212	6	6	53	66	39	29	67	254	41	46	20	20	46	173
Liberty	1407	12	12	175	251	336	236	375	1373	122	157	166	145	280	870
Logan	597	11	10	106	108	170	12	258	654	81	60	84	8	175	408
Millard	344	8	6	44	79	113		106	342	32	36	47		49	164
Morgan	205	10	8	60	61	89	9	62	281	46	40	45	7	34	172
North Davis	462	7	6	52	67	102	20	133	374	41	33	57	7	101	239
North Sanpete	710	10	9	77	73	191	24	203	568	61	37	90	18	140	346
North Sevier	270	6	3	32	49	67	29	32	209	28	30	40	20	26	144
North Weber	634	13	12	95	33	159	8	222	517	75	22	72	6	130	305
Ogden	848	10	10	100	137	237	66	274	814	71	79	117	40	175	482
Oquirrh	469	5	5	67	81	127	9	174	458	50	39	60	3	101	253
Palmyra	487	8	8	67	131	141	44	211	594	47	63	86	27	136	359
Panguitch	260	6	4	37	34	86	29	86	272	24	21	48		79	172
Parowan	548	11	11	70	162	118	12	113	475	52	95	55	5	57	264
Pioneer	769	10	10	101	134	214	36	239	724	79	70	133	23	177	482
Roosevelt	330	12	8	56	65	18	25	61	225	31	29	7	15	26	108
Salt Lake	1072	13	13	137	146	277	143	282	985	107	88	168	72	202	637
San Juan	192	4	3	25	39	60	39	39	202	18	22	20	10	22	92
Sevier	353	6	5	47	58	115	55	129	404	30	30	56	16	97	229
South Sanpete	480	7	6	48		104		134	286	37		61		87	185
South Sevier	304	7	4	36	39	35	10	80	200	21	19	13	14	25	92
Summit	467	12	6	46	57	67	26	71	267	35	24	25	19	29	132
Tintic	271	5	2	18	16	9	1	62	106	9	12	7	1	33	62
Tooele	390	9	6	41	80	30	38	44	233	35	34	20	15	24	128
Uintah	410	10	10	79	121	130		139	469	62	85	88		96	331
Utah	1100	16	16	144	178	301	38	442	1103	100	110	185	23	280	698
Wasatch	376	9	9	68	94	120		156	438	54	67	74		123	318
Wayne	154	6	5	36	23	50	7	53	169	31	19	30	8	44	132
Weber	711	9	9	82	89	140	66	200	577	61	53	69	23	129	335
Bannock	242	6	4	26	45	18	9	31	129	25	24	12	8	8	77
Bear Lake	369	11	10	85	68	98		109	360	50	39	53		71	213
Big Horn	322	7	6	53	77	50	41	73	294	24	20	54	14	45	157
Blackfoot	499	15	6	54	66	48		72	240	37	46	35		45	163
Boise	365	9	9	77	81	79		79	316	53	46	42		57	198
Burley	305	9	7	61	110	69	24	95	359	48	66	45	19	56	234
Curlew	124	10	4	23	22	15		22	82	12	7	7		9	35
Franklin	420	11	11	96	108	150		185	539	58	64	95		61	278
Fremont	659	14	14	119	222	199	35	226	801	95	165	123	24	161	568

STAKE	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Idaho Falls	577	12	8	79	161	90	26	118	474	59	82	48	8	49	246
Lost River	80	3	3	18	43	7		38	106	14	18	5		15	52
Malad	312	7	7	61	93	77	13	92	336	44	56	50	10	50	210
Minidoka	246	8	4	31	51	40		43	165	22	27	16		20	85
Montpelier	367	14	14	84	96	133	7	129	449	60	62	94	3	94	313
Oneida	354	11	11	105	135	113	8	152	513	72	64	64	4	101	305
Pocatello	561	10	10	99	127	138	26	177	567	79	69	95	24	107	374
Portneuf	323	9		63	61	52	5	107	288	46	23	30	4	59	162
Raft River	170	8	5	39	48	31	8	45	171	21	14	16	4	24	79
Rigby	521	13	10	88	103	91	49	99	430	60	91	55	25	62	293
Yellowstone	370	10	10	67	99	80		72	318	44	71	54		50	219
Alberta	380	11	11	100	127	161	41	143	572	79	90	111	30	108	418
Juarez	128	5	5	27	68	25	47	45	212	22	60	20	41	35	178
Lethbridge	234	9	9	73	100	90	33	70	366	61	61	67	22	56	267
Los Angeles	527	16	11	97	113	220	22	78	530	76	75	152	16	61	380
Lyman	220	7	7	49	93	69		81	292	34	77	34		53	198
Maricopa	420	8	8	80	97	137	13	136	463	62	79	91	10	94	336
Moapa	236	9	8	64	84	91	10	99	348	47	37	55	8	80	227
San Luis	401	4	2	5	13	11	25		54	4	5	4		15	28
Snowflake	280	10	9	58	120	60	26	84	348	40	61	24	9	49	183
Star Valley	359	11	10	117	68	112	12	86	395	63	42	52	4	42	203
Taylor	339	6	6	74	93	150	83	58	459	62	76	100	51	29	319
Union	193	7	7	53	93	47	22	61	276	47	54	35	8	49	193
Woodruff	286	6	6	41	74	63	9	78	265	29	33	27	5	32	126
Young	102	6	6	34	20	51	11	45	161	26	21	43	15	31	136
Calif. Mission	1046	33	31	190	316	196	31	166	899	168	205	149	7	121	650
N. W. States	298		6	37	93	54	12	23	219	24	41	20	10	14	109

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, February, 1927

STAKE	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	M Men	Reading Book of Mormon	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Alpine	10	5	6	6	5	4	10	7	9	8	70
Bear River	10	10	8	10	8	8	9	9	10	9	91
Beaver	9	6	7	6	8	8	7	9	8	8	76
Benson	10	6	10	10	7	7	8	8	10	10	86
Blaine	10	3	10	10	10	7	10	8	10	10	88
Box Elder	10	10	10	7	7	9	10	10	10	10	93
Deseret	10	6	10	10	7	8	10	10	8	8	89
Duchesne	3	10	10	10	5	5	5	7	10	10	75
Emery	7	5	8	8	7	4	8	5	8	8	68
Ensign	9	10	10	10	10	7	10	8	10	10	94
Garfield	7	4	10	5	4	10	7	8		6	61
Granite	8	10	10	10	10	6	8	6	10	10	88
Grant	7	10	10	10	10	9	9	6	10	10	91
Gunnison	10	10	10	9	6	9	7	8	8	10	87
Hyrum	8	6	6	5	7	4	7	5	7	5	59
Jordan	6	10	8	8	5	6	4	5	7	7	66
Juab	10	10	8	8	8	7	7	7	8	7	80
Kanab	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	8	8	10	94
Liberty	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
Logan	10	6	10	10	10	5	9	8	9	9	86
Millard	10	5	9	7	8	3	7	4	8	7	68
Morgan	10	6	8	1	8	8	10	10	10	8	79

STAKE	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	M Men	Reading Book of Mormon	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mts.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
North Davis	8	6	10	10	10	6	9	8	10	10	87
North Sanpete	8	6	10	10	10	7	10	7	6	8	82
North Sevier	8	10	9	9	10	4	5	7	8	5	75
North Weber	8	6	8	10	8	7	10	10	10	10	87
Ogden	10	6	10	10	9	8	10	10	10	10	93
Oquirrh	10	6	10	10	10	6	9	10	10	10	91
Palmyra	10	6	10	9	9	7	10	9	10	10	90
Panguitch	10	6	10	6	5	7	10	9	3	10	76
Parowan	9	6	9	7	8	7	8	6	8	9	77
Pioneer	9	10	10	6	10	5	10	8	10	10	88
Roosevelt	7	5	4	1	1	5	5	7	5	5	45
Salt Lake	9	6	10	10	10	7	8	10	9	10	89
San Juan	10	5	7	5	5	7	7	5	7	7	65
Sevier	10	6	8	8	7	6	8	10	9	10	82
South Sanpete	6	6	10	10	10	7	9	6	10	10	84
South Sevier	7	5	6	3	3	4	6	5	4	6	49
Summit	6	5	10	10	5	8	10	8	5	10	77
Tintic	4	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	90
Tooele	6	5	6	2	2	1	4	6	5	3	40
Uintah	10	10	10	5	8	10	9	9	10	8	89
Utah	10	6	9	8	8	7	8	9	9	9	83
Wasatch	10	10	9	9	8	8	10	8	9	7	88
Wayne	10	10	5	2	---	3	2	3	3	1	39
Weber	8	6	10	6	9	7	7	5	10	10	78
Bannock	5	6	7	5	4	2	6	5	5	4	49
Bear Lake	10	6	8	5	6	9	9	8	3	7	71
Big Horn	9	5	6	5	6	6	5	6	6	6	60
Blackfoot	5	10	10	1	10	10	10	5	10	10	81
Boise	10	6	10	6	10	8	9	9	10	8	86
Burley	10	7	6	8	7	4	7	6	8	7	70
Curlew	7	5	3	---	2	5	10	10	---	1	42
Franklin	10	5	10	10	8	7	10	10	10	8	88
Fremont	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Idaho Falls	8	5	7	9	9	7	8	9	9	9	80
Lost River	10	5	10	7	7	5	10	7	5	9	75
Malad	9	6	7	10	7	10	10	9	8	9	86
Minidoka	7	5	10	8	10	8	9	8	10	8	83
Montpelier	10	10	7	5	4	8	9	9	7	8	77
Oneida	10	6	10	9	9	3	10	9	6	8	80
Pocatello	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	99
Portneuf	9	6	10	1	3	3	6	7	5	6	56
Raft River	10	5	8	2	4	8	8	10	8	8	71
Rigby	8	10	6	4	5	8	8	9	8	5	71
Yellowstone	9	10	9	3	5	9	8	9	9	8	79
Alberta	10	10	9	1	9	9	10	9	10	8	85
Juarez	10	10	10	5	7	10	10	10	10	10	92
Lethbridge	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Los Angeles	10	7	10	10	10	9	7	5	10	10	88
Lyman	10	10	10	7	6	7	8	9	10	8	85
Maricopa	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	8	97
Moapa	10	7	8	6	7	5	10	10	9	7	79
San Luis	3	10	10	10	10	10	7	10	10	---	80
Snowflake	10	5	7	6	6	5	7	6	5	6	63
Star Valley	10	5	9	4	5	8	9	10	8	8	76
Taylor	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Union	10	10	10	4	5	4	6	8	10	10	77
Woodruff	9	5	10	10	6	7	7	8	7	8	77
Young	10	10	8	2	2	9	6	7	10	9	73
Calif. Mission	9	10	9	4	4	9	9	9	10	10	83
N. W. States	7	5	10	10	8	10	5	6	3	8	72

Passing Events

Senator Wm. H. King was denied admittance to Haiti as an "undesirable alien," March 12, 1927, on the alleged ground that he has made an attack upon the Haitian president in a speech in the U. S. Senate. Senator King has advocated the removal from Haiti of the American marines and this had possibly something to do with the refusal to let him land.

The proposal of President Coolidge for another naval armament conference was rejected by Italy, Feb. 21, 1927, on the ground that naval, air, and military armaments are interdependent, and that there is need of universality in international disarmament pacts, as well as on Italy's defensive needs due to her geographical position. A negative reply was received from France on Feb 15. Both France and Italy have, later, been invited to send "observers" to a three-power armament conference, consisting of the United States, Great Britain and Japan.

The Salt Lake branch of the Federal Reserve Bank was opened for business on Feb. 21, 1927. The new home, which has been erected at the corner of South Temple and State streets, at a cost of \$400,000, is a magnificent building. It stands on the site once occupied by the famous Gardo House. The removal included the transfer of \$12,000,000 from the Deseret National Bank building.

Valentine Gideon, former chief justice of the Utah supreme court, was appointed by Governor Dern, Feb. 19, 1927, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice J. E. Frick. He was first appointed to the supreme bench by Governor Simon Bamberger in 1917, and in 1918 was elected for an eight-year term on the Democratic ticket. Justice Gideon announced his retirement June 5, 1926, to take place at the end of the term.

Across the Atlantic in the air, was the achievement of the Italian aviator, Commander Francesco de Pinedo, who arrived in Rio Janeiro, Feb. 26, 1927, on his "four-continent" flight. He was greeted by an immense throng. Enthusiastic welcomers crowded the fenders of the machine and hung wherever they could get a grip. They crowded so thickly that the police feared that the heat would suffocate the aviator and almost caused a fight to give him enough air.

The Mounds Shearing Company's plant, near Price, Utah, was destroyed by fire, March 14, 1927. The loss is estimated at \$25,000. There was no water available, nor any fire apparatus with which to fight the flames, and the few people living there, mostly railroad employees, were helpless spectators of the destruction. The fire was discovered in the center of the roof and spread rapidly, fanned by a strong wind. The blaze was visible for miles around. The plant was built in 1916. An average of 50,000 sheep were clipped there every year.

The 44th meeting of the Council of the League of Nations convened March 7, 1927, at Geneva, with Dr. Gustav Stresemann presiding. This is a tribute to the ability of the German statesman, no less than an acknowledgment of the importance of Germany in the League. Among the questions before the Council is a dispute between Hungary and Rumania concerning property rights of Hungarians in Transylvania, which territory now belongs to Rumania. The question is considered grave. Dr. Stresemann insists on speaking German in the meetings of the Council.

Another disastrous earthquake was reported from Tokyo, Japan, on March 8, 1927, by which towns and villages were destroyed and enormous damage done to property. The first official figures gave 4,774 as the

number of dead, and 7,000 homes destroyed by the temblors and fires that followed. Among the victims is mentioned one Mrs. Glen Schultze from New York, one of many American tourists cruising in Japanese waters on board the *S. S. California*. The greatest damage was reported from the Sanin district, which was the scene of the quake in 1925.

Alexander Kerensky, the great Russian patriot, arrived in the United States, March 2, 1927, on the S. S. Olympic, for a visit. Kerensky was met at the quarantine station by Kenneth N. Simpson, assistant United States attorney, and Nicholas Vinner, adjutant to Kerensky when he was in power. Vinner is now professor of Russian philosophy and literature at Columbia University. Simpson and Vinner had a brief private talk with Kerensky before he was met by the newspaper men. Vinner acted as interpreter as Kerensky's familiarity with the English language is limited to the written word.

Silverton and Eureka, Col., were reported snow-bound and isolated on March 6, 1927. The condition had then lasted for three weeks. An effort to assist the inhabitants, by Captain Floyd N. Shumaker and Lieut. E. W. Goss, failed when the huge DeHaviland airplane in which they left Denver early that morning with supplies, was unable to combat the severe storms which whipped the peaks of the Continental divide. Flying at an altitude of 14,000 feet, the intrepid aviators made five unsuccessful attempts to cross the barriers. Silverton and Eureka are mining towns in southwestern Colorado.

A biennial report of the Extension Service of the Utah Agricultural College, for 1925-26, entitled, "An Educational Service to Utah Farms and Rural Homes," has just been issued. It is a review of work done under various extension projects, as crop rotation, irrigation, crop improvement, home gardening, landscape gardening, recreation, boys' and girls' club work, farm building, kitchen improvements, etc., edited by P. V. Cardon, and distributed by William Peterson, director of the Extension Service of the Utah Agricultural College, Logan, Utah. There are 40 pages of pictures, charts, etc., each bearing upon an important phase of farm, home, or community problems.

The Seventeenth Annual Invitation Track and Field Meet and Relay Carnival will be held at Brigham Young University April 29 and 30. A large group of high school girls and boys, junior college men, university and college freshmen, and junior high school boys is expected to take part in the competitions which are open to athletes from all schools who have good standing in their own institutions. Last year more than 1,300 took part in the meet; 400 high school, junior high school, junior college men competed on the afternoon of Saturday. The numbers will be as great or greater this year, it is believed. A gold watch is given to the best all-round athlete and hundreds of dollars' worth of medals are given to winners.

The 69th Congress expired, March 4, 1927, by constitutional mandate. The senate failed to pass several appropriation bills previously approved. This was the result of a bitter fight over a resolution continuing the campaign funds committee, for the purpose of investigating the campaign expenses of certain senators. Every government agency, it is thought, will feel the pinch of lack of funds during the coming year. Failure of the deficiency measure struck the severest blow at government operations. This bill alone carried \$93,700,000, including funds to pay pensions, to make loans to veterans on bonus certificates, to permit loans to farmers for purchase of seed and to meet numerous other contemplated activities.

The McNary-Haugen farm relief bill was passed Feb. 17 by the U. S. House of Representatives in the form it had been approved by the Senate. The bill proposes the creation of a federal farm board with power to levy an equalization fee on six basic agricultural commodities for the purpose of controlling surpluses. By passing the measure, the house, in less than twelve

months, reversed its position, having by a vote of 212 to 167 last spring rejected a bill embodying the same general provisions. The senate, by passing the bill, 47 to 39, also reversed its position, having rejected the equalization fee plan last year. The bill was later vetoed by President Coolidge.

Two U. S. Army flyers met death, Feb. 26, 1927, at Buenos Aires, Argentina, at the end of the first half of their good-will visit to the Americas. Captain Clinton F. Woolsey of Michigan, pilot of the Detroit and the squadron's maintenance officer, and Lieutenant John W. Benton of California, the relief pilot and youngest of the aviators, were killed when the New York and Detroit collided in the air and crashed to earth. Major Herbert A. Dargue, flight commander and pilot of the New York, the flagship of the squadron, and Lieutenant Ennis C. Whitehead, his relief pilot, jumped from their machine and were landed by their parachutes safely. The journey will be continued, notwithstanding the tragedy.

An address that was literally heard around the world, by the aid of radio, was delivered by President Coolidge before Congress on Feb. 22, 1927, on George Washington. The address was virtually the beginning of arrangements for the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of the nation's first chief in 1932. President Coolidge emphasized the fact that Washington, unlike most soldiers, was able to construct. "That he had around him many great minds does not detract from his glory. His was the spirit without which there would have been no independence, no union, no constitution, and no Republic." The address was heard by thousands in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, and by hundreds in the legislative halls of Utah, and in private residences all over the state.

The skeleton of a prehistoric camel was found on a farm, six miles north of Holden, Millard Co., Utah, by one Mr. J. Siko, who was excavating for irrigation purposes. Dr. Fred J. Pack, of the University of Utah, was telephoned about the find, and he recognized the bones as those of a camel, an animal which roamed this continent about 500,000 years ago. The discovery was made Feb. 19, 1927. Mr. Siko was digging into a side hill following a seep and was at a depth of about fourteen feet in a formation of disintegrated yellow sandstone when he uncovered two teeth about two and one-half inches in width and apparently belonging to some herbiferous animal of ages gone by. Digging a little farther he encountered the ribs of the animal and brought them and the large teeth to Fillmore to tell the story of his find.

The 17th legislature of Utah adjourned, March 10, 1927, after having been in session since Jan 10. Congressman Don B. Colton was present and briefly addressed the House. He praised the legislators for their quick action against the Swing-Johnson bill, which he said would ultimately pass Congress, but with amendments protecting Utah's interests. Apart from the action on the Colorado river problem, many thought that the passage of Senator W. D. Candland's bill, abolishing the state department of finance and purchase, was the measure which would have the most far-reaching effects of the acts having their origin in the senate. Standing out among the house proposals that were enacted into law were the Stine bills, requiring the budgeting of the expenses of the state roads department, the securities commission, the department of public instruction and the fish and game department. Perhaps the house bills which caused the most widespread discussion were the measures repealing the Redd racing act and the three proposed acts, two amending the racing law, and the third drafted in an eleven-hour effort to create a new racing commission before adjournment came. According to a suggestion made to Governor Dern, "the state of Utah is probably wide open for horse racing under the pari mutuel system without any regulation whatever. There is no law against racing, and the supreme court has decided that pari mutuel betting is not gambling, hence there is danger that the state has removed all restrictions."

The last rock wall in the pioneer bore of the Moffat tunnel was blasted away Feb. 19, 1927, by 200 pounds of dynamite, set off by President Coolidge in Washington by pressing an electric key. The shot was fired at 8:10 p. m. (mountain time). Completion of the pioneer tunnel will hasten the work on the railroad tunnel which parallels it and strengthen the social and commercial bonds which link Colorado and Utah together, and open to development a new inland empire, rich in coal, minerals and agricultural lands. Mayor C. Clarence Neslen represented Utah on the occasion, and Governor W. H. Adams, the state of Colorado. By the building of the Moffat tunnel, the route between Denver and Salt Lake is reduced approximately 173 miles. To make this an accomplished fact, however, it will require, either the completion of the Denver and Salt Lake railroad from Craig westward, or the building of the cutoff, approximately 40 miles in length, to join the Denver & Rio Grande Western railroad's line into Salt Lake City. Already the Inter-state Commerce Commission has approved the construction of such a connecting line.

Southern California was flood-bound on Feb. 17, 1927, as the result of four days' unprecedented rain and snow. People were fleeing from Venice, Long Beach, Anaheim, Fullerton, Los Angeles, San Diego, and some other cities, and 5,000 persons stood homeless. The death list had reached 21. Property damage, it was reported, would mount to millions. In Los Angeles alone the damage to bridges was estimated at a million dollars.

Gratitude

For the mountains' lofty towers,
 With their crowns of glistening snow;
 For the dainty, sweet wild flowers,
 And the hills on which they grow;
 For the ever busy river
 Singing to its mossy banks,
 Dearest Lord, the gracious Giver,
 I will offer grateful thanks.

For the valley's broad, rich bosom,
 Nourishing the fields of grain;
 For each spray, each bud and blossom;
 For the sunshine, clouds, and rain;
 For the fragrant, smiling meadows,
 For each blade, each bush and tree,
 For the brooks o'er-hung with willows,
 Lord, I offer thanks to thee.

For the melodies descending
 From the high, breeze-fretted trees,
 Each soft strain so sweetly blending
 With the songs of birds and bees;
 And for all thy great creation,
 Vastly more than I can see
 While in this my lowly station,
 Lord, I offer thanks to thee.

My Prayer

O Father, give to me each day
The faith that moves to do,
The faith that leads to righteousness
And guides me unto you.

Grant thou, O Father, unto me
A life to service given,
That I may help some soul to find
The pathway unto heaven.

And from that pathway, Father dear,
Let not my footsteps stray,
But through the deepest, darkest night
Give me the faith to pray.

When one of these, thy little ones,
May need a helping hand,
O Father, grant that I may have
The faith to understand.

Spring Lake, Utah.

J. RAYMOND HUISH.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, APRIL, 1927

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HUMOROUS HINTS

Trapnester: "So you want a job, eh? Ever tell a lie?"

Boy: "No, but I'm willing to learn."—M. S.

* * *

In School—Teacher had been talking to a photographer. After he left, she gave "honey" as a word to spell.

Boy: "What kind of honey do you mean?"

Teacher (Embarrassed): "Well, there's only one way to spell it anyhow."—M. S.

* * *

Solicitor: "Are you a member of the Kindness to Animals Club?"

Old Lady: "Yes, indeed."

Solicitor: "Then I'm sure you will give a dollar to the Blind-pig Protection Fund."

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More Than One Title—King George's new grandson is 'called a prince, except when he cries in the middle of the night.—*Illinois Siren*.

* * *

"Rastus, why did you strike the telegraph operator?" the judge asked.

"Well, yo honah," said the culprit, "it was just like this. I hands him a telegram for mah girl, and he starts reading it. Ef he ain't got no manners, I'll teach him some."—*M. S.*

* * *

Police Judge: "With what instrument or article did your wife inflict these wounds on your head and face?"

Michael Mooney: "Wid a motter, yer anner."

Judge: "A what?"

Mooney: "A motter—wan o' these frames wid a 'God Bless Our Home' in it."—*The Furrow*.



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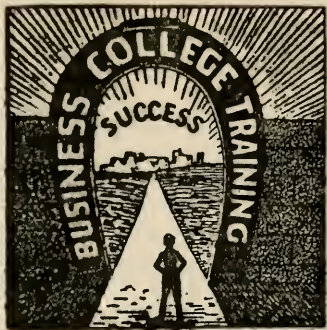
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A parking place is where you leave the car to have the tail light knocked off.

* * *

Then there's the absent-minded business man who thought he was at the office and started dictating around home.—Perrins.

* * *

Furs, Etc.—"Well, summer is here," she said.

"Yes," he replied, unthinking, "now the girls can put on their heavy clothing."—Perrins.

* * *

Young Mother: "Do you believe in Mothers' Clubs, Granny?"

Granny (Octogenarian): "Land sakes, no, nothing can beat a slipper or a good birch switch."—D. C. R.

* * *

Testing Him—"Let's hear you make a noise."

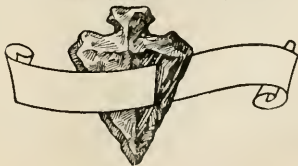
"Why," asked the caller.

"Oh," said little Johnny, "Sis says you're a green horn."—Perrins.

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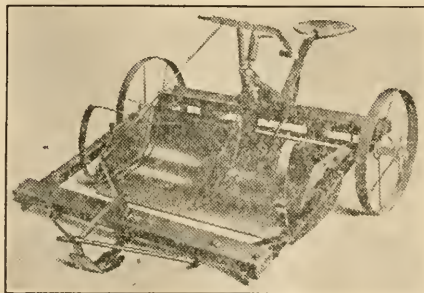
Eat it regularly every day before meals, two to three cakes a day. Dissolve it in water, fruit juices, milk or spread it on crackers. Some prefer it plain, eaten from the cake in small portions. For constipation especially dissolve it in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast.

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